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Diary of the Week.

ON Wednesday the expected development of the Tory policy of violence took place, and "General" Carson formally transferred his headquarters from Belfast to Westminster. The Opposition, at a signal from their nominal leader, Mr. Bonar Law, stopped all debate, refused a hearing to Ministers, insulted and defied the Speaker, forced the adjournment of the House, and brought about a scene during which Ministers were pelted with Order Papers, and one of them, Mr. Churchill, was struck by Mr. MacNeill with the Book of Procedure which lies on the Table. The scenes, of which these are the main outlines, were marked by some specially disgraceful incidents. "A stream of oaths and blasphemous words," says the correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," "broke from the Unionist Party." "Swine," "Traitor" (this to Mr. Asquith), were some of the pearls

that fell from the lips of the gentlemen of England. Some of their leaders were obviously hysterical. Mr. Wyndham shouted out "Civil war! Civil war!" while Mr. Walter Long, say the correspondents, excitedly banged his knees with the Order Papers. According to the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," the attack on Mr. Churchill, for which Mr. MacNeill apologised, was of the meanest description:—

"Mr. MacNeill sidled up to the Speaker's desk, seized the book when he apparently thought no one was looking, and after he had hurled it at Mr. Churchill, rapidly put his hands in his pockets, and walked away as if nothing had happened—a six-foot-six exhibition of poltroonery and malice, for which the history of Parliament would afford few parallels."

The Unionist press is divided as to the wisdom of these tactics. Some newspapers approve, others, like the "Daily Graphic" and the "Birmingham Post," denounce them. Mr. Balfour was absent and is said to have strongly disapproved. This is also stated to be the view of Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

THE origin of these scenes and the preceding circumstances were as follows. Early on Monday afternoon, while the Report stage of the financial resolution of the Home Rule Bill was under debate, Sir Frederick Banbury moved, without notice, an amendment limiting payments to the Irish Exchequer to £2,500,000 in any one year, making an Irish deficit of £3,000,000. The amendment was not serious, but was merely a signal for the execution of a well-devised plot. Summoned by a special telegram, and pouring down to the House in motor cars, the Opposition managed to beat the Government, which had not yet mustered its full strength, by twenty-two votes—228 to 206. The result upset the financial resolution, and, indeed, the whole Bill, and threw the Government's time-table out of gear.

ON Wednesday, therefore, the work of reconstruction had to be taken in hand. The Cabinet having decided, though not unanimously, we believe, against resignation, the Prime Minister moved, in a form which might possibly make reversing motions perpetual, that the Banbury amendment be rescinded and the time-table re-established. He supported this motion in a moderate speech, based mainly on Mr. Balfour's statement in 1905 that the only Parliamentary resolution which could bind a Ministry was one which involved a deliberate trial of strength between the parties on a declared and arranged issue of confidence or no confidence. This seems to us rather too wide a definition, but, of course, it amply covered the Banbury motion. The first tactics of the Opposition were to ask the Speaker to rule the Asquith motion out of order. This he declined to do, but he admitted it had no precedent. From that moment his authority was defied, one member even threatening him with a reversal of his ruling. Finally, Mr. Bonar Law gave the signal for disorder by recapitulating the story of the snap division of 1905, and drawing from it the obvious moral that as the Liberals then meant to "break the Parliamentary machine" in order to force an election, the Opposition

were entitled to do the same. "I leave it at that," he concluded.

* * *

On Thursday a truce was set up by the agency of the Speaker, and also, it would appear, through the influence of the King. The Speaker intervened in his capacity as the "Moderator" of the House, suggested delay and consideration, and hinted that the Ministry might adopt a course more in accordance with precedent than the Asquith resolution. To this the Prime Minister assented, and the House adjourned till Monday, when it will probably be offered a slight variant of the former financial resolution and a revised time-table. This, of course, means delay, and must involve the cutting down of the sessional programme. Mr. Bonar Law in his Albert Hall speech threw his shield over his "pothouse brawlers," as the "Daily Graphic" calls them, and admitted that he did not interfere to stop the disorder. Nor would he interfere in future on similar "provocation," because, if the Government had carried their motion, the Commons would have been "destroyed."

* * *

It is clear, indeed, that the Conservative Party has now passed definitely into the hands of its wild men. At the meeting at the Albert Hall, at which Mr. Law offered his apology for anarchy, Lord Lansdowne threw over Mr. Balfour's pledge of a Referendum on Tariff Reform, and declared the Conservative Party "free" to raise taxation on food, to give preferences, and to set up a protectionist tariff. Two conditions would, however, be observed. They would specify "the limits" and the "amount" of the new taxation, and would agree to devote the revenue to the relief of the working-classes. This, of course, was Mr. Chamberlain's earliest offer, renewed in a vaguer and less tangible form.

* * *

THE end of the Balkan War is in sight, six weeks from its opening. It is said that Nazim Pasha has reported to the Cabinet that, in spite of the efforts of a hundred picked ulemas to excite the spirit of a Holy War, his men neither would nor could fight at Tchataldja. However this may be, he has been ordered to arrange an armistice with the Bulgarian generals, and a *parlementaire* has gone to their lines. It is thought that they may demand the surrender of some of the key-forts of the position, and may refuse to stop the fighting at Adrianople and Monastir. But, in any event, the end is not far distant. Indeed, there are circumstantial statements that direct negotiations, not for a truce, but for a peace, have already been initiated in Constantinople, through M. Popoff, lately dragoman of the Bulgarian Ministry.

* * *

THE chief military event of the week has been the entry of the allies into Salonica. The Turkish garrison of 24,000 men surrendered with the honors of war, if that formal phrase can be used of a force which made no attempt to fight. A Servian regiment entered with the main Greek army under the Crown Prince. A Bulgarian column, under General Todoroff, arrived next day, and its commander is said to have committed the *faux pas* of telegraphing to Sofia that he had acquired the city for King Ferdinand. In spite of this incident, the feeling among the allies is said to be cordial and harmonious. The Servians meanwhile have successfully fought a series of hard engagements in mountainous country for the possession of Prilep (Perlepe), half-way between Uskub and Monastir. This latter place is now menaced by a strong Servian force from the North, and a smaller Greek

force advancing from Florina, and is said already to have proposed to surrender, on unacceptable terms.

* * *

THERE is some mystery about the supposed fighting at Tchataldja. Lieutenant Wagner, of the "Reichspost," has spoken of hard fighting there, and also of a second battle on the Turkish right, after the great struggle that ranged from Lule Burgas to Visa. This second battle was obviously nothing more than the pursuit of the Turkish right, under Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha. Both the "Times" correspondents with the Turks deny that anything more has happened at or near Tchataldja than out-post skirmishes. The news that the Bulgarians have set their Turkish prisoners to link up the Kirk Kilissé line with their own railway system, a piece of work which will require another two weeks, suggests rather that the final effort, if it should be necessary, may be delayed. The "Times" also gives a flat denial to the stories of a massacre at Rodosto. At Adrianople, four important forts have been captured, and several Turkish sorties repelled. But the Bulgarian losses have been terrific, and the "Reichspost's" correspondent, censuring the rash gallantry of the besiegers, states that two battalions dwindled under his eyes to two companies. It is doubtful if this gentleman is as accurate as he is favored.

* * *

WHILE the military events this week have been of only secondary interest, an acute crisis has arisen between Austria and Servia. A Servian column began to march through the Highlands of Albania, from Dibra to Durazzo. A Note, of which the sense was at once published, was thereupon addressed to the Belgrade Government, to the effect that Albanian territory must not be infringed, that Austria could not permit Servia to acquire an Albanian port, that she would give her commercial facilities in a Bosnian port, and would support her claims to an Aegean port, if Servia would accord special economic privileges to Austria. This crude attempt to split the Balkan League by tempting Servia to acquire territory which is properly Albanian, elicited a dilatory but negative answer from M. Pachich. It also brought Bulgaria on the scene. A council, including both the Emperor and the Heir-Apparent, was sitting at Budapest. To it King Ferdinand sent the ex-Premier, M. Daneff. He is believed to have proposed that Servia might be allowed to acquire, not Durazzo, but Alessio or San Giovanni or Medua as an unfortified port, and should be allowed some control of the connecting railway. It is thought that this compromise has met Austrian objections.

* * *

It cannot be said, however, that the European situation is easy. A stealthy quasi-mobilisation is proceeding in Austria, and reserve officers have been recalled from abroad. The same conditions obtain in Russia, and time-expired men are kept with the colors. Even in Germany the notices preliminary to mobilisation have been served—a step which has moved the Social Democrats to organise a great international peace demonstration for this Sunday in Berlin. Russian policy is evidently in the usual chaotic condition. M. Hartwig, lately of Teheran and now of Belgrade, clearly led the Servians to expect military support from Russia in a crisis. But inspired statements have announced that in no case will M. Sazonoff give more than a moral support to Servian claims.

* * *

THE Prime Minister's contribution to the crisis was delivered at Guildhall in a speech of luminous and decided but proper phrasing. Declaring that all the

Great Powers were in close and friendly touch with each other, he insisted that it was the business of statesmanship to recognise the accomplished fact. The map of Eastern Europe had to be "recast," and ancient policies reconstructed. Europe was unanimous in thinking that the victors were not to be robbed of the fruits which had "cost them so dear." As for the immediate situation, the Government considered that while the "state of belligerency" continued, they would deprecate the "raising and pressing of isolated questions," which might well yield to a "general settlement." The Prime Minister rightly insisted that the Government spoke with "the authority of a united people," a conclusion endorsed by the entire Press.

WE deal elsewhere with the large changes in the Marriage Law recommended by the Royal Commission on Divorce. There are two reports, that of the majority and the minority. The former is signed by Lord Gorell, the Chairman, Lady Frances Balfour, Mr. Burt, Lord Guthrie, Sir Frederick Treves, Judge Atkinson, Mr. Spender, Mrs. Tennant (with two exceptions), and Mr. Edgar Brierley. Its recommendations are:—(1) Equality for the sexes; (2) the addition of five new grounds for divorce—desertion for three years, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence; (3) the abolition of permanent separation orders; (4) the setting up of local divorce courts; (5) the restriction of the publicity now given to reports of matrimonial cases. The Minority Report, signed by the Archbishop of York, Sir William Anson, and Sir Lewis Dibdin, proposes the equality of the sexes, but resists any other extension of divorce. As might be expected, it is willing to give additional grounds for nullity decrees, and to restrict the publication of reports of divorce cases.

ON Tuesday came the news that the Spanish Premier, Señor Canalejas, had been shot by an anarchist named Pardinás. The shot was fired as he left his house for a Cabinet Council, and death was instantaneous. He was a vigorous man, younger than his fifty-eight years. He had risen rapidly from comparatively obscure beginnings, and was known as a successful professor of law before he became a popular barrister and a persuasive political orator. In Opposition he was regarded as an alarming Radical and anti-clerical, and King Alphonso was thought to have done a bold thing when he called on him in 1910 to form a Ministry. His period of office began with an exciting conflict with the Vatican, when he authorised Protestant churches to display emblems, and threatened to legislate on French lines for suppression of the monastic orders. There was further alarm over the promise of a Budget, modelled in part on Mr. Lloyd George's example, but neither this nor the anti-clerical policy, nor even the promised suppression of the system by which middle-class conscripts buy exemption from service was ever realised. What was accomplished was a violent policy of repression. It is for this that his anarchist assassin has exacted a lawless revenge.

THE "White Slave Traffic Bill" has passed its third reading in the Commons, but it was further worsened on Tuesday by a provision which authorised the flogging of *souteneurs* for a second offence. An amendment, applying the punishment to a first offence, was defeated by twenty-four votes—188 to 164. We are sorry to see that at a meeting at the London Opera House, the Primate supported the use of the lash, and dismissed the argument that it degrades not merely the man who suffers it but the State which inflicts it. But

the bishops have a bad record on the penal code. In 1810 seven prelates, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, "thought it consistent with the principles of their religion to hang a man for shop-lifting" (the words are not ours, but Spencer Walpole's). And two years later they repeated their vote. So that in a hundred years they have not learned the elementary lesson of their creed that cruel punishments do not make bad men good or society better.

WE greatly regret to record the resignation of Mr. Bryce from the Washington Embassy. He is to be succeeded by Sir Cecil Spring Rice, now our Minister at Stockholm. But Mr. Bryce can never be replaced in a position which he alone was fully competent to fill. His material successes were very considerable. Five important treaties, including a general Arbitration Treaty and the settlement of the always dangerous question of the Atlantic Fisheries, stand to his credit. And if the controversy over Panama is to have a happy issue, he is eminently the man to negotiate it. But Mr. Bryce's moral services to Anglo-American relationships were greater than his written accomplishments. In the main they were two-fold. He gave Canadian diplomacy a status and a force in Washington which it had never acquired; and his special knowledge and bent of mind and scholarship made him an intimate part of the public and intellectual life of the States. We have never read more ungracious words than those addressed by the Conservative Press to this great Ambassador at the close of his long day's work. For Mr. Bryce has done more for Empire-building than any living contemporary.

THE elections for the Fourth Duma are almost completed, and the results show a further move towards reaction. The Right, with 163, and the Nationalists, with 65 members, have a clear majority of the House. There is little to choose between them in the shades of their anti-constitutional violence, but the Right complains loudly that the Government and the Church have unduly favored their slightly wilder competitors. The Octobrists, who dominated the Third Duma, have been reduced to a group of seventy-nine, an ungrateful reward for their subservience. It will not even hold the balance of the new House. The Opposition (including the very moderate Poles) numbers 125. This result is, of course, absolutely meaningless as a guide to public opinion. The franchise gives to the landed class a share of power in the indirect election of deputies larger than that of the entire nation. Even so, it was necessary to disqualify candidates, to purge the voting lists, to disfranchise whole categories of electors, and to mobilise the full pressure of the Church, the police, and the bureaucracy.

LORD FURNESS, who died on Sunday at the age of sixty, built up from the humblest beginnings one of the greatest fortunes and some of the most far-reaching industrial combinations in modern England. He had remarkable shrewdness, swiftness, and concentration of mind, to which his simple and direct manners and plain speech gave little clue. His social interests spent themselves in a general though qualified support of Liberal policy, and a remarkable attempt to set up the principle of co-partnership.—Mr. Penley, who, after a long illness, died on Monday morning at the age of sixty-one, must have ministered in his time to the gaiety of millions. The art of the "Private Secretary" and "Charley's Aunt" was, in the main, an effect of drollery of face and whimsicality of speech and manner, not of the richer and deeper moral suggestion of acting like Coquelin's.

Politics and Affairs.

ANARCHY BY ARRANGEMENT.

THE Opposition seems bent on ruining its chance with the country. Last summer it officially ran rebellion in Ulster. Now it practises anarchy and personal violence on the floor of the House of Commons. It insults and defies the Speaker, who is a distinguished member of its own party, and one of the best Presidents the Commons have ever known. Its leader gives the signal, in words of precise and deliberate incitement, for a scene of which the edifying crown was the flinging of Order Papers at Ministers' heads, and a gross assault on Mr. Churchill. Mr. Law has defended these acts, of which he is morally guilty, has boasted to his supporters that he did not interfere with them, and promised that under similar "provocation" he will let disorder rage unchecked. It is quite enough to say that such conduct disqualifies him for leadership of the Conservative Party. That party rests on its general support of the sanctity of existing custom and order. Years ago a revolutionary party attacked the procedure of the House of Commons as a means of ending the unconstitutional government of Ireland. It acted with greater restraint than Mr. Law's brawlers. But it struck the House of Commons a blow from which it has never recovered. Now the Conservative leader seeks to pledge nearly half the House to violent resistance to the formally registered will of the majority. That is anarchy. No Parliamentary State can exist under it. There was nothing in Mr. Asquith's speech to excuse this assault on the House of Commons. We admit that his motion of rescission was somewhat brusque in form, an over-direct challenge of the earlier action of the House, and as a method of conciliation we should not be loth to see it amended. But there was nothing revolutionary or sensational in the remedy he proposed for nullifying a clever piece of guerilla tactics. Mr. Bonar Law himself invited the Prime Minister to disregard it. The Opposition expected and desired that it should have no direct effect. It was cancelled under the usual formula which the House employs when it desires to act in a sense contrary to its Standing Orders. Clearly the Orders are made for the House of Commons, not the House of Commons for the Orders. And obviously it must happen to any legislative body to desire to reverse a hasty, or improper, or merely inconvenient decision. Mr. Asquith quoted more than one precedent for rescinding, not perhaps a vote on a Bill in actual progress, but a resolution of the House. Disraeli taunted Sir Robert Peel with pursuing the method of rescission as a Parliamentary practice. But in fact, the stress laid by the Opposition on the special impropriety of the Prime Minister's conduct was a pretence. The scene was pre-arranged. The violence was calculated. The raising of the flag of anarchy was a development of the tactics instituted in Belfast by Sir Edward Carson, the real leader of the Tory Party, and yesterday's demonstration merely transferred the campaign from an Irish province to the central

seat and inspiration of our constitutional life. There is only one answer to such a challenge. "Can the Cabinet continue?" asks the "Pall Mall Gazette." The Cabinet will continue. Parliament will continue, even if the Speaker is forced to expel Mr. Bonar Law from the House at whose sovereignty he has struck. And the entire Liberal Party, moderate and extreme, the entire Labor Party, the entire Irish Party, the entire English, Scottish, and Welsh Party which believes in orderly rule, will support any measures necessary to keep the central organ of Imperial government in being and in authority.

Meanwhile we shall be interested to watch the way in which our new party of anarchy will proceed. They can only attack the Government through the Speaker. He is responsible for order, and if disorder is set up by nearly half the House of Commons, he must either resign or submit to a complete loss of his historic authority. Therefore, having first held up the House of Commons to the contempt of thoughtful people, the Conservative Party is proceeding to destroy the office on which, more than on any single institution, rest the safeguards for the rights of minorities. But we are told that the Prime Minister tore down that security when he proposed to reverse the vote on the Banbury amendment. If that motion was a ruse or an ambush, the sooner it is reversed the better, and the method of reversal is of minor consequence. If it was a serious vote, why did not the Opposition call for Mr. Asquith's resignation, for it is a commonplace that the Executive depends on the House of Commons, and that if the latter withdraws its confidence, the Government must either resign or go to the country?

The reason was clear. For purposes of convenience, the machinery of Parliamentary divisions is a matter of arrangement between the parties that use it. One of these parties, if it chooses to play a trick on the other, can always produce for the moment a balance of force totally different from that which really exists. On every serious issue associated with the Home Rule Bill, the Government stands in a majority of about 100, here a little more, there a little less. The average majority in all the divisions is, as Mr. Asquith reminded the House on Wednesday, 106. Sir Frederick Banbury's absurd proposal to put the Irish Exchequer in a deficit of over three millions did not lose the Government a single Home Rule vote, and, as a crowning proof of its unreality, the House accorded the Government the day after it was obtained, and on a full party muster, a majority of 109. It did not even aim at detaching a Liberal; being obviously framed so as to give the disarming impression which complete irrationality is well fitted to produce. It was therefore moved without notice before the full House of Commons had assembled for its week's work, commended in a few minutes' unmeaning talk, and voted on by a scratch force of members rushed together by a "code" telegram. The Liberals played their own version of this highly intellectual game in the autumn of 1905, and once they won. But the Government did not resign on account of it, and Mr. Balfour's reasoned explanation of why they

disregarded a mere piece of by-play is unanswerable. Mr. Balfour left office because his party was broken in pieces, and his Parliamentary majority could not be kept together. Nobody wants Mr. Asquith to resign, least of all the Opposition. There is no Home Rule cave. There are indeed two serious public issues on which Liberals are divided, foreign policy and woman suffrage. Both are excluded from the contested sphere, the first by the express will of the Opposition, the second with their tacit assent. What has come of their grand assault on Home Rule? There are three points of consequence on which they might have divided the Ministerial ranks—finance, the Ulster question, and the federal as opposed to the purely nationalist solution. On all of them the majority remains intact. What, then, is the use of a "snap division" which exhibits, not the rents and raggedness of 1905, but a party solid on every serious problem of Irish government?

We cannot, therefore, regard a mere surprise division as a sign of Liberal disaffection or of any deliberate Liberal slackness. But it would be wise to treat it as a warning symptom. Even a mere trick could not have succeeded if the Parliamentary party had not been over-worked. The Government will now have to consider, as we have often asked them to consider, whether it is possible to run together three first-class Bills in a single Session, supplementing them with a load of second-class measures pressed through the Committees, and at the same time to keep the House fresh and to respect liberty of debate. In other words, it is time to relieve Parliament of some of its present tension. Think what is before it! After the decision in the Bowles case, the Session cannot be prolonged as long as it was expected to last. It is impossible to pass the Franchise Bill in its present form, even though the Disestablishment Bill is being compressed within unduly narrow limits. Unless the Mental Deficiency Bill can be turned into an entirely different kind of measure—a process which cannot now take place—the House will not accept it. The Osborne Judgment Bill is an urgent measure of social relief, but we cannot think that the House of Lords would reject it, if it were postponed for another Session. In any case, the House of Commons must be given time to think and sleep. It ought to have time to debate foreign policy, estimates, plans of Imperial defence, and, above all, its own procedure, and to devise a scheme for re-distributing its work and dividing with the Executive the allotment of time for debating a closed Bill. For, after all, Liberalism is not interested merely in strengthening the Executive power, even when its direction is Liberal. It is interested also in maintaining, against the direct menace of Tory anarchists, the great institution of Parliament, and the historic part which Parliament plays, by virtue of the tradition of free speech and examination, in the political life of the nation.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR.

WHILE the Balkan War has entered this week on a phase of even closer secrecy than we have yet experienced, diplomacy has been at work with an almost disconcerting publicity. The soldiers are marching behind a cur-

tain; the statesmen are reading their notes aloud from the house-tops. It is only the first of the many impending diplomatic questions which has been raised in this premature and too dramatic way, but probably it is the most anxious. There was only one Power which might have opposed the general will of Europe to leave the settlement of the Balkans to the Balkan peoples, and that Power was Austria. There is only one issue which Austria regards as absolutely vital, and that is the future of the Albanian coast. It was not a part worthy of good Europeans to insist, at this stage, on any solution of one question, or to veto any. Mr. Asquith, when he laid down, in his wise and helpful speech at Guildhall, the principle that special issues should not be raised in isolation, was speaking, not merely good sense, but the common sense of Europe. Had there been an effective Concert, it would have smoothed and postponed this untimely crisis from the outset. Before boundaries can be finally drawn, there must be a certain balancing of losses and gains, and even on the local politics of the Adriatic, the settlement which is reached about Crete, Salonica, Constantinople, and the Straits, must have an indirect but considerable influence. Above all, it would be a negation of every civilised ideal that a matter like this question of the Adriatic Port, which affects one weak State, one helpless race, and two Great Powers, should be settled without the verdict of disinterested opinions. It is for Serbia and for Albania a matter almost of life and death. To Austria and Italy it really means much less than they affect to think. The Concert is the body which ought to judge between the lesser interests of the greater Powers and the vital stake of the little peoples. Fortunately, Austria has not persevered in the hectoring tone which she first adopted, and then published to the world. After the mediation of Bulgaria, the wrangle has ceased to be acute, and a reasonable solution is in sight.

The question of the Servian port is essentially a matter for compromise, for none of the parties to it has an absolute right, and all of them are partly in the wrong. The plight of Serbia merits the frankest sympathy. A fraction of the widely diffused Servian race succeeded early in the last century in carving out for itself by a series of gallant peasant revolts a little self-governing State on the edge of the dwindling Turkish Empire. It has since expanded and won full recognition as a sovereign kingdom, but it remains land-locked and encircled by more powerful neighbors. The neighboring Servian lands of Bosnia and Herzegovina have been incorporated finally in Austria-Hungary, and its only possible outlet is now to the South. The economic grievance of Serbia is not so much that Austrian tariffs have checked her exports and hampered her access to her natural markets. Her worst disability has been the capricious use by Austria of administrative devices to facilitate political pressure. Whenever Austrian diplomacy wished to administer a turn of the screw to Belgrade, the Austrian veterinary officials had only to discover that swine-fever was raging in Serbia. The frontier was closed, the staple trade stopped; and then the only question was how long the shaky credit of this primitive community could endure the strain of a boycott. The periodical closing of Salonica to the import

of Servian war-material was another illustration of the power which the neighbors of a land-locked State possess of crippling and coercing her. No arrangement of free ports or customs unions will wholly satisfy the ambition which such experiences have created. Servia naturally desires a port which shall be wholly under her own control, and served by a railway which is also her own. If Austria had not long ago annexed the whole Adriatic Coast from Cattaro northwards, there is no question as to what her natural outlet would be. The merchant-Republic of Ragusa regarded Uskub as its chief inland depôt, and this beautiful old-world city, which kept alive the tradition of Servian culture and literature while all the rest of the race was subject, would be the ideal Servian port. But because Austria has taken these historic Servian lands, the Servians to-day are forced to turn southwards. They must either annex an Albanian port with a big strip of Albanian territory in its hinterland, or else they must break up the Balkan League by making a totally indefensible claim to Salonica. Salonica is a Levantine no-man's-city, half-Jewish, half-Greek. Both the Greeks and the Bulgarians might claim it as the gate of territory which is properly theirs. But Servian it is not, and could not become, unless indeed the Servians were capable, as they certainly are not, of accepting the proffered Austrian aid to assist them in betraying their allies.

There is no ideal solution possible of such a problem. But the least objectionable plan would probably be that which the Bulgarians are said to have suggested. Either Alessio or San Giovanni di Medua, at the mouth of the River Drin, the two ports of Scutari, might become Servian territory, on the condition that it shall be neutralised in time of war, and shall not be fortified. No one but the armament firms can desire that the Servians should be lured into a defensive naval expenditure. A railway up the Ibar Valley to Mitrovitza would pass through some territory which is likely to become Montenegrin. But it should be easy to arrange for Servian control, and the best thing which these two Servian kingdoms can do, when at length their territories touch, will be to conclude the closest union to which their rather egoistic dynasties will consent. The motives of Austria in objecting to a partition or whittling away of Albanian territory are, of course, purely self-regarding. The "independent" Albania of which the Viennese press speaks will be an Austrian fief. But, from our own standpoint, we should wish to see conserved for the Albanians a territory large enough to ensure them a tolerable national life. Montenegro has earmarked a fragment of the North, and Greece, with much better right, a portion at least of Epirus. If these deductions are allowed to be too generous, the remnant will be a waste of mountains, peopled with primitive hill-men, where the new awakening of a national life and the recent passion for education have hardly yet begun their ferment.

A common instinct has all but settled the fate of Salonica. It ought to be a free port, a Hansa town, a self-governing neutral municipality, destined to be the chief port and mercantile centre of the Balkans. If it should retain its present Jewish character, the experiment would only be the more picturesque. More thorny

by far is the problem of Constantinople. The saner Bulgarian view, which is also the official view, rejects the ambitious dream of acquiring it. It is a cosmopolitan city, and the Bulgarian element in it is small and far from influential. To hold it, and with it the Straits, would impose on Bulgaria the necessity of becoming a considerable naval Power. Its population, Levantine in morals, corrupted by centuries of despotism exerted and endured, would never amalgamate with that of democratic Bulgaria, and would furnish the worst of all moral atmospheres for her capital. Her real prestige stands high enough without the risky glamor which would come from the possession of the Imperial city. She will act wisely, and spare lives which she can ill afford to lose, if she negotiates a peace in front of the Tchataldja lines, and renounces the theatrical satisfaction of marching on the conquered city and celebrating Mass in Santa Sophia. It is tempting to imagine that Constantinople, like Salonica, might become neutral territory under international control. But there is no Concert to impose or maintain such a solution as that. The destiny of Constantinople, for a generation at least, is to remain in Turkish hands, the last monument to the ghastly evils of religious strife. It will stand amid its ruinous walls and melancholy cemeteries, a beautiful and derelict shrine of memories. Here Constantine first invented the curse of a State religion; here the Crusaders prepared the triumph of Islam by the treachery which immortalised Dandolo's name; here Abdul Hamid demonstrated the bankruptcy of civilisation on the bodies of the Armenians; here Nemesis marched and halted in step with a peasant host.

THE STATE AND THE MARRIAGE BOND.

THE majority of the Divorce Commissioners, led by Lord Gorell, have taken a somewhat more advanced line than was anticipated. But they have not gone beyond the practice of most modern nations, nor over the line which we believe the commonsense of the country will approve. The method of cheapening the procedure for divorce is sensible in itself. It avoids the objections that might be raised to putting the matter into the hands of the County Courts, and at the same time gives facilities for bringing this necessary right within the reach of the poor. Indeed, it is not denied that if divorce is to be allowed at all, it must be open to all classes. Nor is the principle of equality anywhere seriously challenged, though this involves a more decisive breach with older ideas. Even the conservative minority agree that, whatever the reasons for divorce should be, they should be the same for both sexes. The only argument for the distinction is that certain grievances are alleged to be more keenly felt in the one case than in the other. But if that is so—and it is by no means an axiomatic truth—it is left to the choice of the aggrieved party to sue or not to sue. There is no compulsion.

This is a remark which must be borne in mind at all points of the problem. Those who, on religious grounds, take the sacramental view of marriage as an indissoluble bond, are still free so to regard it, whatever the attitude of the State may be. No constraint is placed

upon the conscience. The problem before the State is not to decide what is a matter of religious duty, but what are the conditions on which, and on which alone, it will countenance the intermarriage of its citizens. It is the best regulations for civil marriage which are in question, not the attributes pertaining to marriage in accordance with the doctrines of religion, or with any particular interpretation which certain bodies may place upon those doctrines. Marriage, from the point of view of the State, is an institution securing certain mutual responsibilities between husband and wife, and certain common duties towards their children. It is reasonable, from this point of view, that the marriage should be dissolved when circumstances arise which utterly frustrate the purpose of the union. Such circumstances are not confined to the unfaithfulness of either party. If the conscience of any woman bids her continue to live with a man who treats her cruelly, or to continue faithful to a man who has deserted her, the State does not forbid her to do so. If a man hold himself bound to a habitual drunkard or a convicted criminal, the State does not force him to divorce her or compel him to marry another woman. What it would say, if the recommendations of the majority are brought into force, is that, in such circumstances, so far as the law is concerned, the injured party should be free of his bond. If he feels—as he may rightly feel—that the purpose of the bond is cancelled, then he is free to cancel the bond itself. Nor will the State, if it takes the advice of the Commissioners, prevent such a man or such a woman from remarriage. They are not to be sentenced to a life of celibacy because they have been so unfortunate in the first instance as to find a partner with whom married life is impossible. The state of separation, in short, becomes upon this principle a probationary condition, and, as such, it has an obvious and legitimate function. It gives time for repentance, reflection, and amendment.

The admission of three years' desertion as a cause of divorce is indeed criticised by the minority of the Commissioners, on the ground that it would open a door for the dissolution of marriage by mutual consent. In point of fact, the principle is not an innovation for the whole of Great Britain, for desertion has long since been recognised in Scotland as a cause of divorce, nor is there any particular reason to think that it will give rise to greater abuses in England than have been experienced elsewhere. The suggestion, of course, is that, by the admission of this principle, a husband and wife might part by tacit consent; and lawgivers have taken some trouble at times to define the desertion which may serve as a ground of divorce as "malicious desertion," that is, as carried out by the act of one party only, against the definite and declared will of the other. Yet it seems a paradoxical position that the fact that both parties are willing to dissolve a marriage should be made a reason for refusing to allow them to do so. It is a position which comes from thinking of divorce as a penalty exacted by an innocent partner with the aid of the State upon one who is guilty. The truer and, in the strict sense, more moral view of divorce is rather as the deplorable remedy for a marriage that has failed, and

the restrictions which the civil view of marriage would place upon this remedy would be guided—if that view was adequately understood—not so much by considerations of the guilt of one party and the necessity of retribution, as by the consideration of the guarantees that are necessary for the performance of those permanent obligations which the parties undertook in marrying. A man in marrying undertakes in particular to support a wife and whatever children there may be of the marriage. This is a definite economic obligation, which does not depend upon those personal and emotional factors which alone make the union a reality, but remains in operation whether they survive or are destroyed by the circumstances of the marriage. In other words, the State has above all things to secure to wife and children the economic maintenance with which the man undertook to provide them; and it would seem a more important function for a Divorce Court to consider what would be the circumstances of the wife and children after the divorce than to weigh the question of what has been the responsibility of either party for the circumstances leading to the demand for divorce.

If this is understood, it will be clear that there could be no question of divorce by simple consent of the parties, nor could any other ground of divorce be so utilised as to make the dissolution of marriage a cheap and easy proceeding. Neither separation orders nor divorce orders should be lightly given without inquiry into the guarantees which the man can give for the continued maintenance of his family. On this side, we fancy, the present law needs not relaxation but the reverse. Separations are obtained with a maintenance order against a man who, if he has no property which he can then and there set aside for the support of his family, is too often able to escape the charge by leaving the neighborhood, and possibly the country. Desertion under these circumstances ought to be treated as criminal, and made an extraditable offence. The same principle should be applied to desertion in the more ordinary form, wherever it includes refusal to maintain, without regard to the question whether by its means the family become chargeable on the rates. If these conditions are observed, the Minority will not frighten us with the bogey of free and easy divorce. There can be no light-mindedness in entering on the marriage tie as long as it involves the permanent obligation of support in a condition proportionate to the means of the husband. Nor can there be light-mindedness in dissolving it as long as the method of dissolution, the disposal of the children, and the control of the pecuniary relations, are decided by the Court, in accordance with the circumstances of the case.

We may anticipate strong resistance to any alterations in the marriage law. Yet its present archaic form is due to historical circumstances which have long since passed away. As long as the wife remained the chattel of her husband, he could enjoy his freedom without the formality of divorce, and her freedom was simply disregarded. From the time when her rights began to be recognised, and she became an equal partner in the home association, the whole position was changed. Both parties might now feel the union to be intolerable, and neither

could be prevented from expressing the feeling. It remains for the law to recognise this position by specifying the conditions upon which, in such cases, the union may be brought to an end. In this respect, the Majority Report makes a sensible advance by enumerating the most obvious and definite circumstances which in fact render marriage a nullity.

THE TRADE IN VICE.

THE brutalitarian provisions which remain in the Criminal Law Amendment Bill as it leaves the House of Commons have done much to convert an honest endeavor to stamp out the most infamous of trades into an instrument of social degradation. We hope the House of Lords may have sufficient judgment and intelligence to extract, or at least to weaken, the poison before it passes into law. How insidious such poison is, may indeed be observed in the power which it possesses to distort the reason of the would-be flagellants. Mr. McKenna contended in his concluding speech that flogging had been proved to be a deterrent of brutal crimes. The Archbishop of Canterbury expressly defended its retention on this ground. Yet the whole weight of evidence, as Dr. Morrison and other penologists have shown, is to the opposite effect. It is quite evident from the discussion that the real support of flogging is not a rational conviction either of its curative or deterrent character, but proceeds directly from that least worthy motive towards punishment, the vindictive emotion. It is natural enough that the abominable character of the crime here dealt with should awake this highly human passion. But it is a matter of sinister significance that it should thus conceal itself in the garb of deterrence. Indeed, if it were really believed that flogging would operate as a deterrent, the case for extending it to procuresses would be unanswerable, for otherwise the whole trade will simply pass over to the evil women in whose hands, indeed, most of it already lies.

But, in truth, the course of the highly emotional discussion of this measure in the House and in the country exhibits an equal shallowness of diagnosis. Severity to a few known procurers and *souteneurs* will do comparatively little to repress the degradation and the wickedness of a trade so widespread and intricate and so essentially secret in its methods. If we believed what some have told us, that the conduit-pipes of the traffic were a little handful of vile men and women, all personally known to the police, but, under the existing law, immune from effective interference, we should have more confidence in the efficacy of the police powers under the new measure. But the roots of the evil lie far deeper and are not touched by this symptomatic treatment. Though prostitution is freely spoken of as a trade, and is known to be a highly organised and profitable trade, the debates in Parliament and in the country have brought no consideration to bear upon its social-economic structure and supports. Yet this trade, like every other, depends upon its sources of supply and of demand. Now, after all due allowance is made for the shocking practices of treachery and force against which this Bill is directed, it remains true that prostitution chiefly thrives because it appears to offer to large

numbers of women a better-paid, an easier, and a more attractive livelihood than is obtainable in the regular labor-market. How ruinously illusory these attractions are is known to all who are acquainted with the cruel conditions of the life. But it is idle to shirk the truth that to hosts of women they seem preferable to the wearing, ill-paid drudgery which constitutes the life of so many honest working women. How large a proportion of women of light or vicious character pass into this career by natural preference is matter of dispute among those experienced in rescue work, but no one can deny that everywhere a large predisposing cause to temptation is the low standard of wages which prevails for women's labor even in many of the skilled trades. The real *souteneurs* of the white slave trade include the employers and shareholders of the profitable businesses who seek to purchase the working energy of a single woman living alone, maybe in London, for an entire week at the paltry price of some six or seven shillings. So long as the normal wage for an adult able-bodied woman, in all except a few skilled trades, is insufficient to maintain her in full efficiency and decency, these angry blows at prostitution will mostly fall upon the air. They may do something to break up certain types of the nefarious business, to evolve more cunning and more secrecy in its *entrepreneurs*. But they will do little to reduce its size or to abate its inherent evils. If the Archbishop, instead of expending his eloquence in defending degrading penalties on false grounds, had denounced the thoughtlessness of those ladies and gentlemen (some possibly among his audience) who draw dividends from shares in shops, tea-rooms, factories, and work-rooms, where women and girls are paid wages calculated and defended on the basis that they are not dependent on their earnings for their whole living, he would have struck some really serviceable blows at "the social evil."

The demand side of this trade also contains suggestive truths. Whence proceed the lavish sums squandered by the wealthy customers who sustain those sections of the trade against which the present agitation is particularly directed? Here, again, we drive to roots of social injustice which lie far deeper than this symptomatic treatment. So long as there are classes of men living in wealthy leisure on the labor of others, and cultivating the grosser habits of luxury, what political economists term "an effective demand" for these vicious services will continue to be maintained. Only, therefore, by allying themselves with a wider and deeper policy of social economic reform can the earnest promoters of "social purity" attain their ends. They must look more clearly at the main sources of supply and demand. Nor does this deeper policy relegate practical remedies to some dim and distant future, when an ideal state shall be attained. Though to stop the sources of male demand undoubtedly involves a long process of reforms, moral as well as economic in character, and necessarily slow of achievement, the same measure of difficulty does not beset the staunching of the sources of supply. The surest main line of attack upon the White Slave Traffic is the extension of the existing policy of the Trade Boards Act to all women's industries, so as to ensure that no-

where exists a rate of wages upon which women cannot live in honesty and decency. This will not, indeed, destroy at a single blow what a distinguished historian has called the oldest of women's trades. But it will do more than any other measure to reduce its dimensions and to remove from its clutches many of the victims of its worst cruelties.

THE SNAP DIVISION.

HOUSE OF COMMONS procedure is a matter of mystery and wonder to the most intelligent outsider. He may sometimes ask why so involved and complicated a system should be an essential part of the function of legislation, and he may legitimately conclude that the comparatively simple and straightforward methods adopted by other public bodies and assemblies would be more businesslike and, perhaps, more effective. Members themselves, after many Sessions of Parliamentary experience, are not always able to unravel the intricacies of Standing Orders and the unwritten laws of custom. Even Erskine May's thick volume does not cover the whole ground. The Parliamentary machine has not been designed by any one mind at any one period. It has been evolved in the course of centuries, altered and added to by succeeding generations, and its very complexity is by no means irrational, though it is an extremely hardened growth, rigid, and un mouldable.

To fit in with this procedure, there is also an unwritten code of House of Commons ethics as to what is considered correct and what unpermissible. To the outsider these Parliamentary canons may seem even more incomprehensible, and, indeed, he rightly concerns himself very little with them. Then one afternoon he goes into the gallery of the House, and for half an hour listens to a dull debate on a minor point of detail in a very empty House. The question at issue has, apparently, no interest whatever for either side of the House. The speakers argue the case very briefly, but without any warmth or even eagerness. The decision is taken at once by the ordinary process of a division, and our friend in the gallery scans the paper to see the next amendment down for discussion. Suddenly, a deafening howl shakes the very walls of the building, and makes him start from his seat. He sees rows of men, purple with excitement, standing on the benches, waving handkerchiefs, papers, and hats. The uproar continues for several minutes, and, in the silence that follows, the Prime Minister rises, repeats a formula of a dozen words, which does not reach the gallery, and everyone troops out. "What on earth has happened?" asks the man in the gallery. "The Government is defeated," is the reply. "But how? Why? What for?" he goes on inquiring in complete bewilderment. In the streets, an hour or so later, the posters have only one legend: "Defeat of the Government." War news and even sporting news disappear. The shock vibrates from Melbourne to Ottawa; from Pekin to Chili; from Cape Town to Christiania. The Concert of Europe is shaken, the Balkan leaders in the midst of their grim and desperate struggles receive a shock of dismay; the Sultan trembles in his palace, and the very peace of the world seems threatened. Our friend, with his evening paper before him, and the recollection of the scene in his head, reflects, as he begins to understand how the *coup* was engineered, that, after all, it was only a school-boy trick without the smallest significance, and yet with such apparently shattering consequences. "And this," he murmurs to himself, "is the way we are governed!"

But he must know that snap divisions are an accepted form of Parliamentary warfare. No Liberal resented the action of the Tories on Monday; on the contrary, they all admired the skill by which the ruse was carried out. They have done the same themselves, and will probably do the same again. "It was cricket." "It was playing the game." The code of sport is the foundation of British morality, and any considerations as to whether it is dignified, sensible, wise, or even sane, are entirely irrelevant. For the last few weeks lobs have been bowled, and the scoring has been heavy.

Suddenly most of the field are put behind the batsman in the slips, and he is caught the first ball of the over. The Opposition have been allowed to come and go as they please, but with a secret injunction that on the receipt of a particular code telegram they should appear at a given moment without fail. For the first hour or two on Monday the House is seldom very full, as members from the North and business men arrive later in the evening. A manuscript amendment, for which no notice had been given, afforded the right opportunity; the Liberal Whips were off their guard, and punctual, in obedience to their telegraphic orders, the Tories, many of whom entered the building from side doors, and whose presence, therefore, was not suspected, trooped into the House, and swept the field half-an-hour after the commencement of business. A decision was reversed which, four days previously, had been upheld by a majority of 121.

There was no question of any cleavage in the Liberal, Labor, or Irish ranks, there was no weakening, no point of difference, no large principle at stake, no volume of sudden indignation against Government action. It was a snap division—that is to say, a carefully premeditated surprise. And the question the country may well ask is how such proceedings in the House of Commons, where men are assembled for the serious discussion of the highest problems of State, can be defended. They cannot be. But how can they be stopped?

An Opposition is entirely within its rights, in season and out of season, by hook or by crook, in endeavoring to turn out the Government, if not on a question of first importance, then on a minor question. The practice of taking snap divisions is not likely to be abandoned by the House of Commons. It is well, however, that the outside public should know exactly their significance and the methods by which they are engineered, so that they may not be deluded into supposing that any real damage has been done to the prestige of the Government.

Liberal members have been, and are, attending well. In another half-hour or so the necessary complement would have been there. The debate could easily have been carried on, had the presence in the building, or near it, of so large a number of the Opposition been suspected. But the Whips had not scented the plot. The precedent of 1905 is in no way analogous. The Government of the day was then in the fifth year of office, there had been important Cabinet changes and a long series of damaging by-elections. It was weak and discredited in the fullest sense. The present circumstances are entirely different.

The Prime Minister, rightly interpreting the feelings of the House, the country, and we may add, also of Europe, towards His Majesty's Government, has determined to treat the vote given on Monday as being of no account.

The Opposition, exasperated at the failure of their skilful attack, have given vent to their feelings in a violent outburst of temper and ill-mannered disorderliness which has entirely swept away the advantage they might have gained by Monday's tactics. The original form in which the Prime Minister's resolution was moved has now to be altered, because the Speaker has intervened in the interests of order and with a view to avoiding further disgraceful scenes in the House. A different method of circumventing the difficulty has got to be found. This must not be taken as a blow dealt at the Government's attempt to rescind Monday's division, though many see in it a very dangerous encouragement to the most undesirable practice of howling down Members in the House. But it would have been futile for the Prime Minister to reject the Speaker's proposal and attempt to persist with his original motion. The course eventually to be adopted will have been framed in consultation with the Speaker, and the Tories therefore will not be in a position to offer anything but the legitimate opposition of argument to it.

Both sides have suffered. Considerable time has been lost, and Bills will have to be dropped. Meanwhile, the complaint of the bewildered outsider as to House of Commons methods and manners remains unanswered.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

Life and Letters.

THE GREAT MAN OF BUSINESS.

WHEN the successful business man is explaining to a young man's meeting the qualities and activities which bring success, he lays chief stress upon steady industry and thrift, with the accompanying virtues of honesty and seriousness of purpose. The atmosphere of the occasion seems suited to the repetition of this orthodox creed of the commercial faith. Surrounded by ingenuous youth just entering the business life, the powerful financier, the organiser of a lucrative combine, the skilful worker of patents, the bold concessionaire, or the land speculator, genuinely believes that what he expounds is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is no doubt partly the unconscious assumption of the conventional rôle, partly a clear recognition that thrift, industry, and honesty are just the qualities desiderated for the clerks, foremen, and other sub-successful employees who are so serviceable to the man of business eminence. It is not true, and probably never has been true, that the first places in the business world have been attainable merely by the practice of these qualities. Notwithstanding the conspiracy in favor of the industrious apprentice who improves every hour of leisure, picks up every fallen pin, and eventually marries his employer's daughter and is taken into partnership, the romance of trade has always made a large allowance for the elements of luck and adventure. Dick Whittington is not the true Smilesian hero. A faithful investigation into the origin of most great business fortunes lends little support to the amiable notion that they are the natural fruits of toil and abstinence.

No better example alike of the truth and the illusion can be found than the career of the late Lord Furness, a man no doubt of large and persistent industry. It may even be admitted that periods of intense energy are essential to such success. But business life contains millions of equally industrious men who reach no such goal. It is the conjunction of great opportunity with great audacity of mind and purpose that is the main source of success. Some would add, as an equally important factor, the inflexibility which enables the great man of business, like the great commander, to take full advantage of the weakness or the ignorance of those with whom he deals. In the business psychology this quality of temper is quite consistent with a lavish generosity in the expenditure of wealth. But the central truth is that in the present age the business life is the great field of activity for an adventurous spirit. Look at the really determinant acts in Lord Furness's remarkable career. It was no grinding industry or struggling thrift which laid the foundation-stone of his success, but the quick imaginative seizure of a chance occasion. He happened to be in Gothenburg just when the Franco-German war broke out, and had the wit to see that, by quickly buying up all the Swedish flour he could lay hands on for shipment to England, he could profit by the rapid rise of price. This quality of rapid judgment brought to bear on passing opportunities proved particularly valuable in the shipbuilding and sea-transport trades, which were his ladders to success. From produce-importing he soon passed into shipowning, from shipowning into shipbuilding, extending his operations by leaps and bounds until he became one of the largest ship-owners in the world.

But shipowning, even on this vast scale, did not monopolise his energy. The career of all the greatest business men of our time explodes another superstition, expressed in a dozen proverbs, to the effect that "the cobbler should stick to his last," and that "a Jack of all trades is master of none." In what is commonly regarded as the age of specialism, the most successful men are business universalists. Instead of following the maxims of discretion and economy, and confining themselves to the thorough knowledge and exploitation of a single special branch of industry, your big business man continually shifts his perch, leaping from bough to bough

on the industrial tree, and plucking various fruit wherever he can find it. No doubt this method of proceeding is really less paradoxical than at first appears. For such universalism as shows itself in the business flights of a Rockefeller, or a Morgan, or a Furness, is itself a mode of higher specialism. These men gradually disentangle themselves from the hampering details of the special trades which occupied their earlier energies—the oil, or iron, or railroad, or shipping—and become the owners or directors of fluid financial power which they dispose, now here, now there, for great productive or speculative operations in any trade and any quarter of the globe. The mode of such expansion is intelligently illustrated in the life of Lord Furness. For shipping is one of the readiest roads to eclectic finance. Its close dependence on the mining, smelting, engineering industries is obvious. The processes of transport make its activities continuous with those of railroads, and the organisation of the carrying trade, by an equally natural extension, reaches out tentacles into the meat and grain and other produce markets which may be brought under profitable control. Lord Furness moved rapidly along the logic of this enterprise, railroading, banking, mining in England, America, Australia, the Argentine. Incidentally, he became a great landowner, and his lighter self dipped into politics and philanthropy.

Indeed, it is not without significance that the widest notoriety which he achieved came from the most conspicuous act of failure, his experiment in co-partnership in his shipyard. There is no reason to doubt the genuineness of his enthusiasm for the harmony of capital and labor which he thought to bring about. But it is precisely in such an enterprise that the psychology of the successful business man is most prone to go astray. He is aware that it would be most profitable to the firm, and incidentally to himself, if friction and inconvenient conflicts between capital and labor could be eliminated, and harmonious goodwill be turned into industrial energy. The enormous waste of current productive power, due to the conscious and unconscious divergence of interests between capital and labor, keeps the actual output of most businesses far below their ideal output. But it is characteristic of the business magnate that he should imagine that, by some ingenious arrangement of bonuses or profit-sharing, the great gulf which separates employer and wage-earner, capitalist and worker, can be bridged. If this co-partnership idea only signifies the binding of the workers to the interests of the firm by the possession of a small proportion of the share capital and a correspondingly small voice in the control, it must ultimately fail of its purpose to break the solidarity of labor in the trade. If, on the other hand, it proceeds far enough to make the workers chief owners of the capital, and to make their voice dominate the management, a new crop of difficulties, which experience associates with the self-governing workshop, arises. The success of such a business man as Lord Furness, in developing profitable notions and forming skilful combinations, is no more warrant for the shallow psychology of his co-partnership scheme than was the even more miraculous success of Robert Owen in making money out of cotton factories a warrant for the still grander proposals of a similar sort which he sought to float upon the public. We take our great business men in some ways too seriously, in other ways too lightly. If we really applied skilled analysis to the ways in which great fortunes are made, we should realise two truths; first, that the radical needs for a more equitable and reasonable apportionment of wealth cannot be met by minor detailed devices for harmonising bits of capital and bits of labor; secondly, that gravely to quote sermons on industry and thrift from the adventurer-princes of modern business-life is a proceeding more humorous than edifying.

FICTION A FINE ART.

ANYONE acquainted with a few of the excellent "Critical Studies" recently issued by Mr. Martin Secker will have no difficulty in seeing why one of the latest of them, that by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie on

"Thomas Hardy," marks an event. The authors of three or four of these books produced sympathetic studies of their subjects; they were often discriminating; they discussed plot, character, treatment, style, with sufficient feeling for the satisfactory and the unsatisfactory. One or two of them, notably Mr. Swynnerton, had something roughly approximating to a theory of art which was roughly applied. But in no case—and this is true of the great bulk of the critical literature of to-day—was there any attempt to formulate a theory of criticism or to assert a standard of criticism, nor did the methods applied suggest a definitely conscious theory as implicit in them and supporting them.

For it should be observed that no theory of "realism" which has yet been stated provides us with a sufficient "standard" for judging a work of art. Most theories of "realism" have this weakness in respect of æsthetic criticism, that they are applicable to the purposes of science no less than to the purposes of art, and that in themselves they afford no criterion for distinguishing between science and art, between scientific truth and artistic truth. The realistic criterion is only useful in literary criticism when it is reinforced by another criterion, when there is another and prior principle behind it which clamors for definition. And if it be not defined, we are at the mercy of an unrecognised instinct, an instinct which we are compelled to use, but has not crystallised by logic into a conscious principle of criticism.

Mr. Abercrombie's book is distinguished by the fact that he states his conception of what is required of Fiction if it is to fulfil "the gravest function of art," and that the whole of his book is guided and dominated by this conception. We may recall the dogma of Meredith—"if we do not speedily embrace Philosophy in fiction, the Art is doomed to extinction." This is not identical with Mr. Abercrombie's view when he declares that great art must depend upon a metaphysic. For Meredith's view, both as stated and as exemplified in his works, meant rather the external application of philosophy to the subject-matter of fiction than the manifestation of a philosophy in and through the subject-matter. Mr. Abercrombie's view is nearer to that of Coleridge; it is the formative reason or imagination which is the faculty used in great art. He dwells upon the psychological fact that all perception is an attempt to construct our sensations into an "orderly, coherent idea of the world," and all art he regards as an overplus of man's "imaginative desire." And here we have his dictum:—

"The highest art must have a metaphysic; the final satisfaction of man's creative desire is only to be found in æsthetic formation of some credible correspondence between perceived existence and a conceived absoluteness of reality. Only in such art will the desire be employed to the uttermost; only in such art, therefore, will conscious mastery seem complete. And Thomas Hardy, by deliberately putting the art of his fiction under the control of a metaphysic, has thereby made the novel capable of the highest service to man's consciousness—made it truly the equal of drama and sculpture."

It must be clearly understood that Mr. Abercrombie is very far from prescribing a "metaphysic" for the artist. He is only asserting that the work of a great artist rests upon some metaphysical apprehension of life, which is essentially the artist's individual apprehension; that the temporal things which he presents will be "irresistibly welded" by the "eternal things" of his imagination. But the emphasis is no less firmly laid upon "form." It is by his faculty of shaping his material, of making it conform to his central conceptions of life, that the author will succeed as an artist. *Form*, then, is everything. It does not mean, of course, mere style of writing. Judged from that standard, Mr. Abercrombie admits Thomas Hardy's defects. It means the manner of shaping the whole story—in the case of fiction—within the boundaries prescribed by the primary imaginative conception, which is that of a certain action manifesting a certain order of the world. He holds that "from beginning to end," in the greatest of the Wessex Novels, "nothing occurs to seduce interest away from the order of the whole." He finds his criterion of artistic value, not in the answer to such questions as "is it true, or pleasant, or useful, or actual,

or probable?" but in the extent to which a work of art "reduces the whole *sense of living* to some formality, some shapeliness of significance," some coherent conception in the mind of the artist.

Understood in a certain sense, we readily accept the theory. Obviously, no author can be of the calibre to achieve anything considerable unless thought and experience have given him a "view of life" which implies a metaphysic. But we doubt very much whether that metaphysic need be explicitly present to his consciousness—we doubt if it was so present to Shakespeare, for example. Mr. Abercrombie is obviously a great admirer of Sophocles, who had as perfectly clear a conception of man in relation to fate, or destiny, as Thomas Hardy also has. And his admiration for these two authors has probably led him to overstate his case. We agree with him that a work of art must be a manifestation of the author's general conception of life, and in so far as it fails to be that, it is either insincere, or it is formally defective; and we agree too that it can only be a great work of art when it manifests a conception of life in relation to the eternal verities.

But that Mr. Abercrombie means something more than this, is apparent from the course of his argument. He gives the highest position to those of Hardy's works where his metaphysic, instead of being implicit in the life presented, becomes explicit. Broadly speaking, Thomas Hardy's picture of life is that of man, the earth-born, possessed of noble desires and ambitions perpetually frustrated by a careless and, perhaps, quizzical deity. So long as this tragic destiny of man is represented in action, we agree that the novelist has achieved his artistic end. But in "Tess" and in "Jude," as Mr. Abercrombie admits, "the inevitable agony is not only set forth in these two books; it is judged."

Now it is just here, in the writer's view, that Thomas Hardy's sense of form has failed him. Powerful and poignant as is the story of "Jude," wholly admirable as a *summary* of the philosophy underlying his other novels, as a work of art we consider it defective for this very reason that it argues with us; that it states a case from a partisan point of view; that it compels us to consider, not whether he has adequately presented through persons and plot his view of life, but actually whether that view is or can be a *true* one. Now Mr. Abercrombie insists that the proper question of the critic of a work of art is not as to the truth of the preconception, but as to the form in which that preconception manifests itself in the life presented. The artist who so presents life, compels us, to that extent, to discredit his story and to investigate his philosophy; and in so doing he has committed a sin against form. *Formally*, "Jude" is surely one of the least perfect of Hardy's books, for the reason that it distracts our attention by compelling us to challenge his premises.

Great as is our own admiration for Thomas Hardy, the writer thinks that Mr. Abercrombie has exaggerated his formal achievement. He alludes to the element of "coincidence" which so often produces tragic results; and suggests that it often heightens the impression of a hostile fate working against his persons. The writer's feeling about the element of coincidence in Hardy is that it sometimes produces a sense of irritation at the intrusion of the *deus ex machina*; that it forces him to argue about the malignity of destiny when his attention should be wrapped up in the characters. Nor can he agree that the humor of the rustic chorus is always successfully interwoven with the stories. That this chorus is necessary we agree, as also that it is successfully introduced in "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Far from the Madding Crowd"; but it may also be prolonged, humorless, and obstructive to the narrative, as in "The Return of the Native"—the book which, on other grounds, probably deserves the first place among the Wessex novels.

The fine appreciation of Hardy's particular merits cannot here be discussed in detail. Mr. Abercrombie is brilliant in this appreciation, and far more philosophically critical than was Lionel Johnson. An exact theory is a difficult thing to live up to, and the author has often been led away by the desire to be consistent; and he has read into Hardy even more virtues

than this great novelist and tragic writer possesses. At the same time it must stand as an important contribution, not only to the study of Hardy, but also to the theory of literary criticism.

"HOLLOW-WARE."

CRADLEY HEATH and the neighboring township of the Lye are classic ground in the history of the women's industrial movement. Thrice it has seemed to be the narrow duelling ground where the exploited woman has brought the small capitalist to face her challenge. One dimly remembers the horror of the first exposure of the conditions under which the nail-makers worked. Then came the victory of the chain-makers with the vindication at once of the right of combination and the State's duty of intervention. To-day it is the women workers in the "hollow-ware" trade who are on strike for a minimum wage. The place is what it always must have been since first the industrial system destroyed the natural charm of these Staffordshire hills and valleys. A brisk wind sweeps over them in its endless struggle with the smoke. The country pushes its mutilated arm among the heaps of brick and pits of clay, till its dingy grass and withered trees resemble some giant hand that has been thrust unwarily into a caldron of molten metal. The energy of the inhabitants contends in a daily battle of cleanliness against the sooty air. Factories and brick-works, with their lurid furnaces and aspiring chimneys, plant themselves on abrupt hillocks and challenge the eye to find in them an accidental charm as unconscious as the beauty of a blasted oak. In these externals there is nothing changed. It is the spirit of the women which makes the new fact. A few years ago they excited the most demoralising of all the emotions, the pity which degrades both him who gives and her who takes. To-day the place smiles through its dinginess with the confidence of self-reliance, the joy of comradeship in a winning fight.

The miracle, as one watches these women at their work, is that any spirit or humanity at all can survive in them. The first impression of a factory in which basins and saucepans are being enamelled is wholly favorable. The place is airy and clean, and alive with a busy order. The girls are dressed in neat white overalls, and many of them are comely and well-developed. There is a fascinating drama of color as the great tray of basins ready to be fused is rolled into the glowing furnace, and comes out blushing from pink to grey as it rapidly cools. The spectator watches the deft movements of the girls, and delights in the perfect adjustment of the muscular actions and the graceful poises of the body as the task is performed. But the spectator has never seen it before. The girl who does the thing is in a different case. She dips a basin in a bath of enamel, fixes it with pincers, twirls it round to discard the superfluous liquid, lays it on a tray, and wipes the edge. And then again *da capo*. Six movements complete the task, and these six movements she will repeat hour by hour and day by day throughout the week, which the worse employers have fixed at sixty and the Union would reduce to fifty-four hours. It is a meaningless, unvarying, monotonous toil. The dexterity which you admire can be acquired by a child in a few weeks; the grace of movement is wholly unconscious, and brings no joy. It is like nearly all the work which the industrial system has assigned to women and girls. It means only the wages which it will fetch. The wages at present hover in the worse factories from seven to eight shillings. The ambition of the Union is to attain a uniform minimum of half-a-sovereign.

A stranger who stumbles for the first time upon this unfamiliar world encounters much that horrifies him. Some processes, notably the making of bright frying-pans, entail the risk of lead poisoning. The ugliest sight is the group of two men and a woman who dip and clean galvanised buckets in a bath of acid. The fumes blind you even in an open shed, and stop your breath. But the men will confess to no discomfort, and the pale woman believes that she is well. As they talk of the process, the workers in other branches of the trade

will tell you that the men do not live after thirty-five, and one small employer related his brother's experience. He had earned £4 a week at galvanising, but there came a time when he was glad to take 16s. to work as a laborer in the clean air of the brickfields. There, to be sure, "industrial diseases" are unknown. But men are loading bricks on to the bent backs of women, who carry their load like African porters. The physical strain imposed on these slight girls, who wheel the barrows or load the trucks, seems beyond their natural powers. They surprise you, in their rough clothes, begrimed with clay, by their refinement of manner and their gentleness in speech. Their wage is rarely more than seven shillings a week, and they will add, as they answer a question, the reflection that they too ought to have a Union. But it is not of the conditions of the work or the risks of disease that these women spontaneously talk. Their whole mind is bent on the single question of wages. Their one concern is to raise the beggarly seven or eight shillings to the round figure of ten which, as yet, represents the whole height of their ambition.

This exploitation of underpaid work is founded in fact, not, as one might suppose, upon the degradation of the workers, but rather upon their virtues. A strain of hardness, a tinge of egoism, a notion that they are lonely individuals, with the full claim of individuals upon the world—if that were to enter these women's heads, the whole system would collapse. They are units in a family, and it is only of the family exchequer that they think. As one employer reminded us, "most of them go to chapel, and none of them drink." They contribute their five or six shillings to the common stock. They contrive to be neatly dressed on what is left, and there is two-pence left for the Union, and sometimes a penny for the delights of a cinematograph. Of distress, in the sense of actual want and deficient food, there is very little. The hard cases are those of the widows without wage-earning children, or the wife whose husband brings little or nothing home. But nine in ten of these women workers are units in a family, and their ambition is only to have a little over when the customary tribute has been paid to the general exchequer. It is this merging of themselves, by a natural, unquestioning sentiment, in the family life which limits their claims, and renders them content to receive a pittance, graded on the assumption that, for all their long hours and hard physical toil, they are only auxiliaries in the industrial army. They will marry eventually, and then their work will be altogether unpaid. The girl's ten shillings is a large sum in comparison with the wife's unassessed reward.

The change in the position of these women workers will come very gradually. As yet they have hardly assumed the commercial attitude. They do not realise that they are bringing the commodity of their labor to market. They are outside the world of formulæ—even of the watchword of "equal pay for equal work." They are comrades with the men in one industry, uncritical, untouched by sex-jealousy, and proud to be standing loyally by them in this common struggle. For the rest they see only one simple fact, that they are getting seven or eight shillings and want ten. But the fascination of this organised effort begins to appeal to them. Their union is two years old, and they are proud to boast that they have no "black-legs." They are punctual in their collections and generous in their gifts to unorganised strikers outside their ranks. Their abler leaders have just begun to come in touch with the wider world of a national labor movement, and its newspaper begins to find its way to their homes. There is no case for pathos and no excuse for pity. The years have gone over Cradley Heath, and it is a brave young generation which has arisen in these grimy streets with their memories of the older tragic struggles. The first sin of men towards women is to patronise them, and the next is to pity them. In spite of low wages and monotonous toils, for all their inexperience and their modest ambitions, it is a healthier and more hopeful sympathy for which this struggle calls. It is the beginning of a tremendous transformation. It is the expression of a new sense of solidarity and resolution.

IN THE STEPS OF COBBETT.

THERE are many places in England that we should like to visit because Cobbett, the Rousseau of a revolt that was placated by the Reform Act, went there in his goings-out from the Great Wen. Some of them we have just called upon, using the bicycle instead of the nag of the old Rural Rider, but keeping to the secondary roads that he would have preferred to the motor gangways. Surely Cobbett would never have borne with the sight of the Tax Eaters scorching along our high-roads in motor cars, and he would have blazed into a new record of fury at the refined insolence of taxation that makes the farmers pay the cost of the upkeep of hundreds of miles of the millionaires' macadam. He would have said that this very latest manifestation of the Thing would surely finish the farmers, Pitt's or Bonar Law's remedy of a bad summer or winter notwithstanding.

At Cirencester, which the natives call not "Citeter" but "Cizzeter," the annual "mop" was in progress, the whole main street of the town being full of roundabouts, shooting-galleries, and other diversions. By an unusual chance, Cricklade had on the same day its monthly fair of cattle. "That villainous hole, Cricklade," wrote Cobbett, "and certainly a more rascally-looking place I never set my eyes on. I wished to avoid it, but could get along no other way." After all, it was only villainous because it was a rotten borough, and never rascally-looking except to a very ardent reformer. Even Cobbett would have rejoiced to see it as we saw it in the October sunshine. On this side was a row of calves standing in the street, and tied to the high pavement; opposite, several pens of pigs under the eye of the auctioneer; then sheep and herds of cows standing or wandering in the fairway; a majestic bull ringed to a leading-stick; and, in a pond off the road, a cow, standing knee-deep, and defying the united efforts of three drovers. Cricklade and many other agricultural towns were evidently built with an eye to cattle fairs, for their streets are so wide that even when the cattle stand thickly in them, you may, with a little manoeuvring, get through.

We missed that "villainous hole," Calne, but struck "the rotten hole called Wotton-Basset," another charming market town now that its ridiculous franchise has been taken away. In a little while we climbed the first escarpment of the Marlborough downs, rising from the plain, by a winding staircase in the chalk, nearly three hundred feet in less than half-a-mile. Here surely was the roof of the world, for on turning we could see across the green and purple plain of Wiltshire and Somerset for ever and ever, the eye stopped by no hills, but merely swallowed in the curvature of the earth. Forward, the downs stretched seemingly in an endless plateau, and yet in two miles more we had to climb again a full three hundred feet up Hackpen Hill, decorated with the famous white horse cut through the green turf to the chalk. This is the great down country that Cobbett loved. He loved the valleys running into their midst, so suddenly cleft that you could stand quite near and look over and miss them. He loved the autumn glory of the beeches, whose "edges, or outsides, joining the fields and the downs, go winding and twisting about; and as the fields and downs are naked of trees, the sight is altogether very pretty." Perhaps, however, his regard for this country was chiefly dictated by the fact that it is so excellent for sheep, and that, therefore, his preachment of the new Swedish turnip culture won many disciples here.

There is a fine field of swedes next to the hill on which the White Horse is cut. It is very far indeed from being planted on the high ridge system advocated by Cobbett, and the swedes have certainly not been transplanted. Yet we think he would have given it a word of praise as he rode by. Two great flocks of sheep are feeding on it like two herds of caterpillars on one green leaf, and though there are but ten acres of the swedes, it will be some weeks before they have been transmuted into wheat by the golden hooves. One of the most famous of Cobbett's agricultural recipes told

how he would have restored to down a piece that some one had incautiously broken up. There are few pieces claiming such treatment to-day. The high downs are almost unbroken sheep pasture, and it seems as though the green, having recovered its own, would flow over the plain and take all that also. Until we get towards Reading, the plough is not nearly so much used as in the Cotswolds, a better Cobbett country in Cobbett's own day, and unjustly stigmatised by him as ugly. Instead of "twenty banging wheatricks," the larger farms are only notable for round-roofed Dutch barns of corrugated iron, holding sometimes a thousand tons of hay. The Wen needs our wheat no more, but has an insatiable thirst for all the milk we can produce, and in not a few places country children have to go shorter of milk than ever they went of bread. Our voice is no longer heard in the "Weekly Political Register," and the farmer must be content to publish his respectable woes in the "Mark Lane Express."

There is perhaps no more glorious autumn ride than the six miles from Marlborough through Savernake Forest. According to the map, the road is but just within the forest. It is so fully clothed, however, on each side that the world might be all forest, and we lonely knights-errant within it. The beeches are sedate and ordered, rank behind rank of great grey columns till they become a crowded indication of immensity beyond the fiery glow of branches and the half-quenched red floor. Occasional horse-chestnuts lift their yellow torches, immense oaks are full-clothed in crisp gold, and mighty wild cherries are in flaming crimson. There is no hedge to the road. Only the bracken that fills many of the glades heaps up a little on the banks. We could dismount and wander seemingly for ever in these romantic fiery aisles, and the spirit cries constantly, "Whoa, whoa," as the too smooth and pleasant road hurries us on.

Beyond Savernake lies a village far smaller than Cricklade or Calne or Wotton, where Cobbett, stabling his horse, says, "you might have knocked me down with a feather" when the ostler said it was called Great Bedwin. This was one of the rottenest of all the rotten boroughs. But it has long since been purged of its offence. Perhaps in token of its respectability, more likely as a tribute to Cobbett's bad spelling, it calls itself Great Bedwyn. Between the two downlands of Marlborough and Andover the roads are devious, but we found the place where the valley of Uphusband "puts one out upon the Wiltshire Downs," and we ran down to his haven as he came up from it in his first journey, often to return. Hurstbourn Tarrant, "commonly called Uphusband," must be the Mecca of Cobbett-lovers. He was continually calling there, bending thither from all sorts of journeys to and fro the Great Wen. The "famous freequarter" he found there may have had much to do with it, but the valley is one of the most beautiful of downland valleys, and its two or three villages among the most picturesque. Once, when the chalk was putty, Nature made this valley with a trowel. You can see where she gave it an extra splash, because it was not quite wide enough for Upton, which has perhaps the most picturesque site of all the villages. Uphusband, two miles below, has a wider outlook, and is at the junction of a confluent valley leading towards Burghclere, another of Cobbett's resting-places. Uphusband houses are wigwams heavily thatched with straw, and there is an air of old-world serenity that removes them far in time from Whitechurch and Basingstoke, not geographically far distant. Night was falling before we had seen enough of Uphusband, and we were not reluctant to pray in aid the train for the rest of the journey to London. We had news of Cobbett in his hated Wen, for we learned that a new edition of his "Rural Rides" had been published in two volumes of the "Everyman Library" (Dent). It exceeds former cheap editions in having an index to the places mentioned, some notes to the more obscure entries in the journal, and an introduction by Mr. Edward Thomas. With renewed stimulus, we shall set out again through another line of Cobbett country.

Letters from Abroad.

THE SOUL OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have just returned from sixteen savage days near the front, in the war-swept land that lies on the shores of Lake Scutari. A land, be it remembered, which has now been at war since April, 1911. For last year's insurrection of the Malsori was the forerunner of all that is now happening. Poor folk! They hoped to have finished last year—that either war or European intervention would have ensued, but Europe made one final effort to maintain the reign of horror known as "the *status quo*." And now, for the second year, the Malsori are on the battlefield.

Last year almost every Christian house was burned and the land devastated by the Turkish army. Now—before it has had time to recover—the Montenegrin army has poured over it, and almost every Moslem house is burnt. Four years ago, before the Young Turks began to take active measures to crush Albania, this was a wondrously fair land—fertile, rich in gardens, maize, and tobacco. Now it is a wilderness, strewn with blackened ruins and heaps of ashes, and ploughed up by the wheels of artillery.

Hour after hour I stood on rocky hills listening to the hum of shells, watching the white puffs of smoke that marked where they fell, hearing the death-rattle of the machine guns. War was before me—around me. Its huge, hideous, shapeless body lay on all the land—monstrous and incredible—heaving itself, slowly, ever forward.

And the question that seemed most insistent was: "What is the power that drives it onward? What is the soul of this body?" For even the most deformed possesses a soul.

What can move a people to face—for the second year, not merely with courage but enthusiasm—hunger, cold, wet, fatigue, and perhaps wounds and death? I was with no paid army sent by a government—I was with the men of the Gruda tribe, one of those that revolted last year.

Lean, haggard men, exhausted by nearly two years' struggle, they had left their houses—only partially repaired since last year's burning—again to face the enemy. Death and hardship have sadly thinned the tribe; they frankly said they were sick of war. What gleam were they following? It was not the tobacco, which they freely looted; it was not merely the thirst for vengeance, though that was strong. It was a belief, firm and fixed, in the righteousness of their cause, the belief that they were fighting for freedom, that after nearly 500 years the power of the Turk was broken, the curse removed.

Of this they were quite convinced. "The Powers," they said, "can never again make us live under the Turk. They can kill us. But make us accept the Turk—never!" Before them they saw the dawn of a new era—a promised land—and they pressed forward, guided by the star of freedom. No sacrifice was too great. Of their dead they said: "Let him die; it is for freedom and the Cross." It was moving and pathetic—for which of us ever finds the promised land? But in all the squalor and horror, it was the one redeeming spot.

We lived together, crowded like wild beasts upon straw, in half-burnt houses. Daily they went out to slaughter, returning with blood upon their feet, to hack with a sword bayonet the sheep, roasted whole, which formed almost our sole diet. Rations of bread ran very short. It was a hideous life of blood and muck. And at night they howled barbaric chants of the fights last year against Tourgoud Pasha.

One Moslem was of the party, on quite equal terms with all the others. For he too was a foe of the Turk. For the Moslem who sides with the Turk, they have no pity.

The evicting of the foreign invader and all his friends is their object—"let them all go to Asia!"

It is the uprising of the West against the East—the European against the spirit of Asia. It is also "earth hunger," the desire of a people to possess the land of its forebears. Slowly and for years these feelings have been strengthening. The Powers have vainly tried to crush them. Repression has only made the final explosion more violent. For the bloodshed and misery, the so-called civilised Powers of Europe are wholly responsible. They failed to keep the promises given over thirty years ago. Their conjoint action presents no redeeming feature.

For the one gleam in the present night, we must turn to the wild tribesman who gives all he has for freedom. The misery which must inevitably follow this two years of devastation will be most dire. It will be no promised land that the tribesman will find when peace is made. Let no friend of freedom forget that the first to show Europe that the Turk was not invincible was the North Albanian tribesman. When his hour of need comes—as come it must—may he not, be without help!—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

Communications.

THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am glad to see from Mr. Wedgwood's letter exactly the opinions of those who are obstructing this Bill in Standing Committee. It is especially satisfactory to see that they are of a kind which a wider knowledge of the real proposals of the Government may reconcile to the Bill. I mean nothing offensive to Mr. Wedgwood. The Bill, as drafted, was not easy to follow, and it is being amended almost out of recognition. It is not easy to follow the main purposes of a measure through a cloud of confusing detail, so that perhaps I may be allowed to state shortly how the Bill will, in fact, meet Mr. Wedgwood's objections. I completely agree with Mr. Wedgwood that, if the establishment of voluntary homes could cope with the problem of the feeble-minded, it would be the ideal method of solution. But it cannot. There are, at the present moment, a number of such homes established under the Idiots Act, which do very excellent work. The managers of these institutions have interpreted the Definition Clause in that Act very widely, and all classes of persons who are mentally defective are received. As a matter of fact, the classification of defective persons as idiots, imbeciles, and feeble-minded, given in the Bill, is rather misleading. These are not different kinds of defect: they are simply different degrees of the same defect—the absence of a complete mind. According to the extent to which the normal brain is absent, the person is classified in degrees ranging from the complete idiot, who has scarcely any mind at all, to the high-grade feeble-minded, whose brain is comparatively complete. But the distinction is one of degree, and not of kind; and all classes of defect are now received in the voluntary homes established under the Idiots Act.

But, in order that they shall be received, one of the conditions must be observed. They must be placed there by parents or friends, or sent there by Poor Law authorities. In the first case only is their residence strictly voluntary. The supporters of the Bill do not propose, in any way, to interfere with the voluntary action of parents and guardians. We are only seeking to deal with the large number of cases in which parents cannot, or will not, look after their children, or in which the parents are dead, and the relatives are not disposed to exert themselves in their place. The Royal Commission reported that there are between 60,000 and 70,000 feeble-minded persons who are in urgent need of attention from the State. Take a couple of cases—typical of many: A man and his wife, charged with the man-

slaughter of their child, aged fourteen months. Three other children had previously died. None had been washed, and the room was in a filthy condition. The mother and children were mentally defective. Another case of a woman of immoral habits, with six illegitimate children. They were utterly neglected, starving, and dirty, and all mentally affected. What voluntary homes are going to deal with such cases? The only chance of health and happiness for such people is to keep them away from the battle of life, in which they are not able to play their part. They are the easiest people in the world to make happy, having neither sorrow for the past nor apprehension for the time to come. But they can only be happy when they are permanently under care. As a matter of fact, once they are in institutions, they do not want to leave. I believe Mr. Wedgwood knows the Home that the Lancashire and Cheshire Society for the Permanent Care of the Feeble-Minded has established at Sandlebridge. He will bear me out when I say that people are living there in perfect contentment and happiness; and, though there are no bolts and bars to keep them in, they have no desire to return to the outside world. Those who are spending their lives in the care of the feeble-minded do not want to shut them up out of spite; but out of great pity and tenderness, they try to guard these poor creatures from the horrible evils that the world holds for them.

Without this Bill, the provision for rescuing the feeble-minded, whose lack of will-power is leading them astray, will remain totally inadequate. Mr. Wedgwood's alternative powers are non-existent. The "Special Schools" Act, to which he refers, is merely a permissive enactment. In England only a limited number of schools have been established, and in districts where they are not established there is no provision at all for the care of defective children. But even the special schools are quite useless by themselves; they are useful only as a sifting-ground in which those who are defective may be separated from those who are merely starved or backward. Nor would Mr. Wedgwood's proposal to extend the period of schooling to the age of twenty-one be any better. It is of no use trying to educate a defective child out of his defect. He may be given varying degrees of manual training, and sometimes taught to read or write; but he can never be given the power of self-direction. The reports of the After-Care Committees show that only some 16 per cent. or 18 per cent. of the children leaving special schools are able to keep employment. The rest drift away to swell the ranks of the unemployed, and to fill the hospitals and prisons of our great cities. In mercy to them, and for the sake of the community, cannot we spare them their inevitable doom?

The S.P.C.C., as well as every other charitable body, does its best, as Mr. Wedgwood says, to prevent cruelty to feeble-minded children. But defective children are often the children of defective parents. They are neglected simply because the parents cannot understand that children have to be washed and fed, not now and then, but every day. No inspector and no magistrate can deal with cases like these. Look at Miss Dendy's figures. Out of a hundred families with one or more defectives, there were over 500 deaths of young children. Of these, a large proportion were due to accidents which would have been prevented by a mother of normal mind.

It is difficult to acquit Mr. Wedgwood of an attempt—of course, quite unconscious—to twist the facts to suit his argument. He refers, for instance, to the feeble-minded who are the "objects of the tender love and care of their cleverer relations," and says, "These at least might be left alone." The answer is, of course, that *under this Bill they are left alone*. The Bill deals only with defectives who are neglected, or cruelly treated, or who have fallen into immorality, drunkenness, or crime. Mr. Wedgwood makes great play with the fact that, in the Bill, "wandering about" and "being charged with the commission of any offence" were to be circumstances qualifying a defective for treatment under the Act. He is a little disingenuous, since, at the time of writing his letter, he knew, or might easily have discovered, that these proposals had been withdrawn by the Government, in response to representations, and the Bill, as amended in Committee, does not contain them.

As a Unionist, I should like to pay a tribute to the readiness with which Mr. McKenna has, in Committee,

listened to all proposals—from whatever quarter—really directed to the improvement of the Bill. The result will be, when the Bill becomes law—whether this Session or next—a good Bill, the result of cordial co-operation on both sides.

It is, of course, quite untrue to suggest that feeble-mindedness is the result of bad social conditions. I deplore with him the bad housing conditions under which many of our people live, and I wish that some of his friends had been a little more eager to co-operate with us a short time ago in an effort to remove them. But feeble-mindedness occurs at least as frequently among the upper as among the lower classes in this country, and more frequently in the country than in town. Moreover, it has assumed formidable proportions in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada, where such conditions do not obtain. It is equally disingenuous to say that constables and local officials are empowered, for the purpose of making a list of defectives, to enter private houses, and to have people compulsorily examined by doctors. There is nothing of the kind in the Bill.

We come upon more difficult ground for public discussion when we deal with the transmission of mental deficiency. It is neither "dubious" nor "undetermined," nor has it anything to do with the subject of heredity as a whole. Certain diseases and defects are, as a matter of fact, handed on to children. I do not suppose that even Mr. Wedgwood would recommend the marriage of a person in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. Mental deficiency is in the same way heritable to a very marked degree. We do not know exactly what causes deficiency to develop in the first place. It may be either a reversion to an earlier type, or, like general paralysis, the result of a specific infection. But we do know that its presence indicates such a degeneration of the stock that it is not possible for a person affected by it to procreate a whole family of healthy children. There is no more doubt about it than there is about the consequences of breeding with other diseases. It is not a question of eugenics at all; it is a question of common-sense. No man would ever let his daughter marry a man who was so diseased that he could not possibly procreate healthy children.

Mr. Wedgwood makes a little justifiable fun at the definition clauses. A definition of feeble-mindedness stands on the Amendment Paper in my name; but I willingly admit that it is not easy to secure a satisfactory legal formula. But, then, while it would not be easy to define a rhinoceros in an Act of Parliament, it is perfectly easy for anyone who has ever seen a rhinoceros to recognise one when he meets it in the street. So the difficulty of defining a feeble-minded person does not arise from any difficulty in identifying mental defect when it is seen. The feeble-minded person is lacking in will-power—in the power of self-direction and of inhibition. He can neither apply his knowledge in doing useful work without constant supervision and control, nor can he resist temptation, or even suggestion. More than half the people in our inebriate homes are not drunkards, but feeble-minded. They are being treated for a disease—alcoholism—which they have not got; while their real defect is ignored. In the same way, more than half the women in the rescue homes are feeble-minded women whom proper care could have saved from their fate.

We know three things about mental defect: we know that it is inherited, that it is permanent, that it is transmissible. There is no case of feeble-mindedness being produced in a sane person by starvation, neglect, or misery. There is no case of a feeble-minded person being cured of his defect by treatment or training. You can no more cure a man with half a mind than you can cure one with half a leg. Lastly, the children of defectives always suffer from an hereditary taint. A large proportion will be themselves mentally affected; the others will hand on the taint to their children. To the third and fourth generation they will work out, in misery and crime, the evil effects of their ancestral taint. The liberty of the subject, for which Mr. Wedgwood contends, is, in the last resort, merely the liberty to die in the workhouse, the brothel, or the gaol.—Yours, &c.,

LESLIE SCOTT.

House of Commons.

November 12th, 1912.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I find it a little difficult to argue with Mr. Robert Styring, because he regards any criticism of his reactionary views as "scolding by the new land value taxers." I will not for the moment dwell upon the question as to whether our proposals are new or old, but I am bound to point out, in passing, that they have long ago received the general support of not only such economists as Adam Smith, Mill, and Cobden, but of the Prime Minister himself and most of the present Cabinet.

Speaking at Tayport, East Fife, as long ago as October 14th, 1898, the Prime Minister said:—

"How are all these great improvements in our social and municipal life, which we have witnessed during the past generation, how, and at whose instance have they been effected? They have been effected by the representatives of the ratepayers, and they have been carried out at the cost of the occupiers of houses and land. But, gentlemen, who in the long run has benefited, and will continue to benefit by them? Those who have contributed little or nothing to the cost—the owners of the ground. I am convinced that the next great step in the direction of a larger and better municipal life will be in the opening up, as justice and reason require, for the benefit of the community, of the hitherto untapped source of taxation—a form of taxation which no one can assert to be inequitable, because it simply imposes the burden upon those with whom the benefit will ultimately rest. I trust, therefore, that in the years that are before us, we of the Liberal Party will, with increased vigilance, ventilate this great question, accumulate as we can, by inquiry and by personal experience, the facts which bear on, and which form the foundation of, the demand, so that if we are again entrusted with the control of legislation, and with the management of the affairs of the country, we may be able to submit to Parliament a well-considered scheme, which will free our municipalities from the trammels under which they at present act, and which will open an avenue to a new source of social and industrial development."

It is not easy to be patient with the people who are so little versed in the facts of contemporary politics that they do not know that the policy put forward by the Land Values Group to-day is only a scheme for putting into practical form theories long ago put forward by our present leaders.

Mr. Styring, having noted that I repudiate any intention of increasing taxation, asks me to explain where the benefit of the change comes in. I will do so as shortly as possible.

To anyone who read my letter without prejudice, it must be plain that I have never repudiated any intention of increasing taxation upon some people. The whole object of the proposed land values tax is to make persons who now contribute nothing, or too little, contribute more, and by this means to enable others, who now pay too much, to pay less. What I said was that the tax should be used to relieve the rates, and should not be in addition to them.

In a recent by-election, the following facts caused considerable comment. In a quarter of the town of Hanley forty cottages were built to the acre upon land valued at £1,000 per acre. To each cottage there was thus assigned £25 land value, and upon each plot was erected a cottage costing, roughly, £175. The value of land and cottage was £200. The rents were fixed at £12 a year. The ratable value was £10. The rates were 11s. 3d. in the £. The rates on each cottage were thus £5 12s. 6d. a year, or more than 2s. a week. The occupants of these cottages often had little more than £1 a week. The burden of rates thus became an income-tax of more than 2s. in the £ upon the poorest of the people. If the third part of these rates were removed by means of a land values tax, for rates of £1 17s. 6d. would be substituted a tax of 2s. 1d. If the whole rates were levied upon a land-value basis, the rates upon these cottages would be 6s. 3d., instead of £5 17s. 6d. This is a very common case. If the valuation discloses values anything like what we expect, this effect of an alteration in basis cannot be disputed.

One could give hundreds of similar instances in cases of property of greater value, but I content myself with this one for the moment.

According to Mr. Styring, it is confiscation to tax the

landowners 1s. in the £, but he has no tear to shed for the cottager who pays more than 2s. in the £. That, I presume, is justice, not confiscation. Personally, although I admit that in some cases the landlord might pass on part of the tax, I rejoice that all economists agree that he could not do so entirely.

I quite agree that the existence of rates causes landlords to get less rent; but where I differ from Mr. Styring is that I do not agree with a system which allows landlords to monopolise all unimproved land values. I recognise that the existence of rates reduces rent; but even so, I think rents are, in many cases, far too high, and a fair subject for taxation.

Mr. Styring next says that, in the case of leases for 800 years, all sorts of hardships are going to fall upon the landlords. He even anticipates the entire sweeping away of their property. His anticipations are only another instance of the widespread misunderstanding of the meaning of "land values." Does he really imagine that the whole land value is in the ground rent? Has he never read the proposals of Lord Moulton, Mr. Edgar Harper, and a host of others, for apportioning the burden of a land values tax among the owners of the land value?

I pass to Mr. Fraser. He says he was present at the recent Land Values Conference, and that the general tone of most of the official speakers showed that the Land Values Group were out for confiscation of all revenue accruing from land, regardless of contracts. There is not a word of truth in this statement.

Nor is there a word of truth in the statements that we are relying, in forming our estimates, upon estimates of land values made by Mr. Outhwaite. Personally, I was unaware of the fact that he had published such an estimate. We have obtained our estimates from the best available sources, and I shall be ready to acknowledge that these estimates are wrong when the public valuation has proved them to be so.

I will endeavor to answer Mr. Fraser's other point. He desires to know why A, who invests £10,000 in ground rents bringing him in 4 per cent., should be taxed more than B, who invests £10,000 in industrial stocks. I do not expect that my answer will satisfy him; but I shall be glad to know in what way it is unsound. The man who invests in land values is, *qua* landowner, a drag upon the production of wealth—he does nothing to assist productive activities. The man who invests in industrial stocks is, consciously or unconsciously, assisting in the production of wealth. He runs far greater risks, and a State which already differentiates between earned and unearned wealth acts quite consistently when it differentiates between talents put to productive use and talents hidden in the ground.

What do your correspondents imagine was the object of the Government in bringing in the Scottish Land Values Bill? What reason could they have had, except to prepare the way for the alteration of our rating system which the Land Values Group is demanding?

It is absurd, at this time of day, for Liberals to attempt to treat a question which has become part of the settled policy of the Liberal Party as one which can be abandoned at the request of a few members of the party who seem never to have grasped the fact that, for good or evil, the Liberal Party has determined that land has characteristics which distinguish it from all other things.

The rating and taxation of land values is no new thing. Our leaders are pledged to it; our rank and file are enthusiastic for it. It is no exaggeration to say that any attempt to throw over this policy in favor of the further taxation of capital and industry will split the Liberal Party from top to bottom.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

House of Commons,
November 7th, 1912.

MR. WEDGWOOD AND THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not wish to enter into the controversy as to the merits of the Mental Deficiency Bill, but I do think that those who support it have a right to have the Bill itself discussed, and not some purely imaginary measure. On this

ground, there is just cause of complaint against Mr. Wedgwood. Surely it was hardly fair in him to allow a letter to go to press dilating on the iniquity of including feeble-minded persons, "found wandering about," or "being charged with an offence," after he knew that both these classes were to be omitted from the Bill. Surely it was also stretching a point to say that, at the inquiry before the judicial authority, "the relations and friends of the defectives are invited to act as delators and informers," when the Bill simply provides that "the person to whom the petition relates . . . may call any witnesses whose evidence they wish to tender." No one could gather from his words that the only provision on this point was one empowering those alleging defectiveness to call witnesses, and for the alleged defective to call evidence on his own behalf. But Mr. Wedgwood's most serious inaccuracy occurs in a statement that the Bill "not only empowers, but enjoins as a duty on, all sorts of local officials, constables, etc. . . . to enter private houses and have people examined compulsorily by doctors," for the purpose of compiling a list of defectives. There is no such provision. There are no words in the Bill empowering anyone to enter any house for any such purpose. Much distrust of this measure has been excited by the belief that such powers are given by the Bill. Perhaps some of Mr. Wedgwood's dislike of it is due to the same mistake.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY.

November 13th, 1912.

"THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC BILL" AND FLOGGING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I write before the great meeting at the Opera House, because I fear, if I were to wait till that is over, I might miss this week's issue of THE NATION, and I am anxious to appeal to women, while there is yet time, to protest with all their force against the proposed flogging of men in the supposed interests of women. It may be—I hope it will be—that the women who are to speak to-morrow will say all that need be said to give the lead, and that women who believe in liberation from bestiality and the rule of force, will follow. I want to suggest that the House of Lords has its uses as a chamber of delay and revision, and that if a great appeal were made to the Lords from the women of England not to allow the penalty of flogging to remain in the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, we should find that the House of Commons would be willing to accept the amendment, as a concession to the humane and just spirit of women.

We all, women as well as men, want to stop the trade in commercialised vice. It will cease to be a trade when we succeed in making it unprofitable. To flog men procurers only will not make any difference to women procurers. That wise woman, Jane Addams, declares in her latest book that there is not naturally enough vice to make the horrors we know of, and that artificial stimulus and encouragement are needed. If we remove the financial motives, we remove one of the great artificial stimuli to prostitution. Are we going to have the courage to do that? It will take us far!

Another great cause of prostitution is the brutalising of public opinion, and the cheapening of the human body; our national indifference to crimes of violence as compared with our solicitude for property; our acquiescence in the degradation of women warders and men doctors who are called upon to inflict the revolting torture of forcible feeding; our disregard of health and decency and physical pride; all these are allied in their origin and effect to the hysterical cry for flogging and further degrading of criminals and jailers. Mr. Will Crooks declared that he would himself be willing to lay on the lash. I don't believe it. The emotion to which he gave expression was the kind of emotion that would be likely to overwhelm a warm-natured man (or woman for the matter of that) on seeing a weaker creature abused, and that would perhaps result in a desire to knock the offender down—a perfectly healthy desire, and totally different from the morbid desire to condemn a prison official to inflict in cold blood the cruel and indecent assault of flogging an imprisoned man.

I am afraid there are women who will say: "If men want to flog men, let them." It is a great wrong. And when the flogging is done in the alleged interests of women, it will

react on the liberation of women in ways yet unimagined.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

Kew. November 11th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—For several months past public feeling has been rising to acute indignation against the "White Slave Traffic," and in favor of the Bill now before the House of Commons to deal with it. We have looked for some recognition of this important movement in THE NATION, but it seems to have escaped your attention, and the cry of "Rachel weeping for her children" has apparently never reached your ear, though the cry has increased month by month.

But when, in one of those rare moments of moral indignation in the House of Commons, it has been moved to perhaps extreme measures in order to punish the man who entices or "procures" these maidens for a life that is worse than death, you strongly protest.

I am not defending flogging—far from it. But I would call attention to the fact that your paper has been silent all these months on the crime, and is only at last roused to speak when it is a question of the punishment.—Yours, &c.,

M. H. L. BUNTING.

[Lady Bunting is in error. THE NATION long ago indicated its approval of the White Slave Traffic Bill.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. McKenna's speeches on the "White Slave Traffic Bill" debate on Tuesday last fully prove the necessity of your strictures, and those of your correspondents of last week. While Liberals must be relieved that the present Home Secretary has been removed from a position that enabled him to foment absurd and dangerous naval scares, they can hardly view his present activities without concern. When a Liberal Minister makes it a cause of pride that the floggings in our prisons averaged more than one a week, and bases his refusal to flog women solely on the ground that "there was no experience that it would be a useful form of punishment" (the "Times," Wednesday, November 13th), the position of the party that supported Romilly's reforms is degraded indeed.

And Mr. McKenna's handling of the "White Slave Traffic Bill" in its general aspects calls for criticism of the most serious kind.

The persons who in any way can be affected by the measure (assuming, and it is an unlikely presumption, that no innocent persons are convicted and flogged) are (1) the procurers, or men and women guilty of that most odious of conceivable crimes—viz., by force or fraud entrapping innocent girls for immoral purposes; (2) the *souteneurs*, those degraded men who live on the earnings of women of the unfortunate class; (3) the unhappy victims of the traffic themselves, who have either been entrapped by the procurers, or forced into the life by economic conditions—that is to say, procured for the life by the whole community—or who have adopted the profession from free choice; and (4) the patrons and clients of the last-mentioned class.

Now, as to the heinousness of the offence committed by the first class there can be no question. Their activity is far greater than is generally supposed, and in regard to this crime, most Liberals would be willing to allow the police to arrest on suspicion, as is provided in the Bill, in the hope that these pests would be driven out of the country. But I venture to think that the penalty of flogging, of which Mr. McKenna is so ardent a champion, will greatly impair the efficacy of the measure. Some judges and many juries will be very reluctant to convict a man, especially for a first offence, when they know that conviction will be followed by flogging. Accordingly, a proportion, and as time goes on an increasing proportion, of these offenders will escape scot-free, and the measure may become almost a dead letter. I say nothing of the moral aspect of enlarging instead of diminishing the number of offences for which flogging is prescribed. Few would deny that to treat a brute with brutality in deliberate cold blood, is to lower oneself to the level of the brute.

But Mr. McKenna, having tasted blood by securing that class (1) should be flogged, promptly extended the punishment to class (2). Now, sir, I do not envy the feelings of any man or woman who wishes to make women of the unfortunate class more harried and hunted and outlawed beings than they are already. And this, I fear, will be the direct effect of the Bill. The relations between these women and their *souteneurs* are very varied and very difficult to deal with by legislation. Everyone who knows the underworld knows that, surprising as it may seem, these unfortunate women are often attached to their *souteneurs* by bonds of real affection, that this tie is not infrequently the one amelioration of their unhappy lot, and that it is not unknown for the *souteneur* to protect the woman with whom he lives from blackmail, from insult, and from a large number of petty exactions. The Bill now before Parliament will not abolish the *souteneur*, but it will abolish the amount of protection which it will be advisable for him to render to those upon whom he lives. It may prevent him from blackmailing the woman's clients, as he sometimes does now. Thus the effect of the Bill will be to make the *souteneur* more careful, to make women of the unfortunate class more helpless, and to make their patrons more secure and more comfortable. I can hardly believe that this latter is Mr. McKenna's intention; but it is not easy to see what that intention is.

In Heaven's name, sir, let us deal with this crying evil in a spirit of humanity, of reason, and of knowledge. The reports of the debates on the Bill show what scant proportion of all three are to be found in those who have shaped it into its present form.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. EVANS.

Bedford Park, London,
November 13th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On the whole, I am inclined to agree with your article of to-day (though I am not prepared to assert my agreement in language of violence) that the lash is not an effective deterrent of crime, and that the House of Commons has made a mistake in reverting to it; and I see great force in some of the reasons you advance. Not the least cogent of these is that the procuresses, these "vilest of women," are not to be flogged, because even the "false and unthinking sentiment" which sanctions the flogging of men cannot ignore the fundamental difference of sex. And yet, as you boldly and truly say, "this odious traffic is not a man's so much as a woman's trade, and the number of male offenders must be comparatively small"; which accurate statement, by the way, is a noteworthy commentary on the frequent contention of bishops and others, and of suffragists in general, that the enfranchisement of women will, from some inherent ingredient in the nature of the sex, inevitably raise the standard of social morality.

But if the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily News" is correct in his diagnosis of the aberration of the House of Commons, you have left unmentioned its potent cause. Referring to the majority in favor of flogging for the first offence, he writes: "So remarkable a culmination of the Report Stage cannot but create a profound impression at a time when the influence of the women's movement on Parliament is a cardinal fact." Possibly, we discern this influence in the same number of the "Daily News"—one of the organs of this movement—when, in an article on the successful amendment, we are told: "The man who makes an industry of vice puts himself in a category of his own. He is outside the pale of humanity. And, if flogging will rid us of his pestilent presence, we consent to it."

An amusing, though undesigned, corroboration of the "Daily News" correspondent's diagnosis occurs in one of the anonymous rebukes I have, during the last few days, received from ladies who have so far missed the point of my letters to the press on this subject as to think that I have advocated flogging. She assures me that "there is a woman behind every legislator, who forms his opinions and guides his vote, whether he is conscious of it or not," a situation which at once suggests that the formal enfranchisement of women is unnecessary, and would even be unfair. Nor is the appositeness of this lady's dictum seriously

affected, because her disapproval of flogging generates in her the fond belief that the guardian angels must have forsaken the majority of their posts on this particular occasion.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Old Headington, Oxford,
November 9th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on the re-introduction of torture into our penal system by a Minister who poses as a Liberal is timely. I have been all my life a Liberal. I have believed in the elevating of the people and the extirpation of savagery from our civilisation. Now I find that the Liberal Party, which I believed to be the instrument of progress, is, under Mr. McKenna's leadership, a party that approves brutality and reforms by cruelty. I cannot forgive the other members of the Cabinet for allowing Mr. McKenna to put them in this position. They should have adhered to their Liberal traditions, and have refused to allow such a stain on the record of the Party. Mr. McKenna's defence is that the police thought this degrading punishment was desirable. Flogging in the Army was defended on similar grounds. Torture and barbarism of every description was, and may be, supported by the evidence of equally respectable authorities. But the Liberal Party have fallen very low when they go for their ethics of conduct to a professional class, whose duty is detection of crime, not its punishment and reform.—Yours, &c.,

A DISGUSTED LIBERAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As Mr. Salt has dragged me into his protest against the flogging of "bullies" and White Slave traffickers, I hope you will allow me to put in my word.

(1) If Mr. Salt had read me a little more carefully, he would have realised that, on the midshipman question, I merely pointed out that, since the senior members of the gun-room have not been allowed to thrash junior slackers, midshipmen have deteriorated in efficiency. I am interested merely in the fact.

(2) As regards "bullies," I do not know how much Mr. Salt knows about the matter. But I can tell him a characteristic story of one at Portsmouth, in the year 1908. This man lived on the earnings of a woman about to become a mother. When she did not bring back enough, he beat her and kicked her, with the result that the coming baby was killed. In this condition, he forced her to carry on her trade. She was a familiar object in King's Road, Southsea, dragging herself pitifully along, and imploring odd coppers from other unfortunates, so as to take home enough not to be kicked and tortured any more.

The police did their best; but the terror of this man was such that neither his victim nor any of the other unfortunates dared offer evidence. Early in 1909 the woman died, in great agony, of peritonitis.

I put it to Mr. Salt whether he will assert that this particular man (a very general type), who deliberately tortured a woman to death rather than earn his own living, did not deserve, not one, but many hard floggings? If not, what deterrent does Mr. Salt suggest?—Yours, &c.,

FRED. T. JANE.

Bedhampton, Hants.
November 13th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every student of crime and its correctives is grateful to you for the correspondence of Mr. Henry S. Salt, and to him for his admirable summary of the recent "opinions" of two bishops, a dean, a daily paper, two Chairmen of Sessions, an ex-police official, a London stipendiary, a fox-hunter, a judge, some Poor Law Guardians, a naval expert, and an editor of a motor-car paper—advocates of "flogging"—for immorality, cruelty, garrotting, naval

offences, throwing stones at motor-cars—this "pack in full cry" has now been added to by some (happily, not all) of our legislators, and "flogging," which has been continuously obliterated from our ancient statutes, will, after centuries, be again added—for an offence which is, for the first time, to be recognised by law.

Mr. Henry S. Salt is good enough to collect and give the names of these ecclesiastical and magisterial reactionaries, as well as their "opinions," so we can estimate them each at our own value, which amounts to this: It is so easy, so comfortable, so popular to cry "flog." These "dignitaries" of the Bench and of Parliament would be surprised, and not a little annoyed, to find their minds identical with those of the "trafficker," the "garrotter," and every other criminal of that class; if these were consulted as to the best way to treat their fellow-brutes, all would cry, "flog." "Great minds think alike." Can one hope otherwise to impress any of these "floggers"? Society or the State is always responsible for its worst crimes. We are all mixed up in this trouble. Extreme punishment is an admission that society has failed somewhere. The brute is not made less a brute by brutal laws. A legislature does not "lift" itself by brutal measures. Those who tried to save our great Liberal legislature from a backward slide still have the sympathy and support of "high" methods over "low" methods. This would have been an apt moment to have experimented with the "Elmira" system of America—an indeterminate sentence—upon a new class of crime, taking away the "pleasure" of apportioning punishment (from possibly an unbalanced judicial mind), and leaving merely the privilege to admonish and record the conviction.—Yours, &c.,

T. R. BRIDGWATER.

22, Ovington Gardens, S.W.
November 5th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After all, is not this the best and last comment on the Commons' acceptance of the flogging amendments, that such exhibitions are naturally to be looked for from a body responsible to men only, when it endeavors to deal with a matter which concerns men and women equally and together.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

Swindon, November 9th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I deeply deplore the regrets expressed in THE NATION concerning the flogging clauses to the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. I am well aware that this brutal punishment for minor offences increased rather than diminished crime; but it seems to me that for this most heinous offence man or woman can commit—I do not even except murder—the lash may quite conceivably be a deterrent, the only deterrent, and a curative deterrent. There can be no possible fear that a second conviction may be a miscarriage of justice; I am willing to concede that this severe measure should only be resorted to for a second offence—probably the House became somewhat emotional during the discussion without the assistance of female members, and lost its head a little when it passed the second amendment to the flogging clause. Flogging seems to me comparable to cupping; at one time the medical profession cupped for every ill under the sun, then it fell into absolute disuse, and now it is occasionally resorted to. To flog or to hang for comparatively trivial offences doubtless fosters crime and renders men reckless; but to flog so debased a creature as the male or female procurer is quite conceivably the only way to make any impression on that individual's soul, and is, quite possibly, the only punishment that would appeal to so dehumanised a creature. It seems to me quite possible that this flogging need not and should not brutalise the flogger; he may feel that he is discharging a sacred duty. I can well imagine a noble, tender-hearted man gladly performing this operation, not vindictively, but as a solemn protest against an enormous crime, an awful warning to sinners. I was glad to note the declared readiness of some Members to do the deed.—Yours, &c.,

ISOBEL FITZROY HECHT.

Surrey Lodge, Horsham Road, Dorking.
November 13th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your courageous and challenging protest against the revival of flogging is very welcome. It is easy for zealous reformers to work up an agitation against one form of the social evil, and to give the impression that something radical is going to be done to deal with it. Many have not only doubts about this kind of cure, but are convinced that flogging will do little or nothing to stop commercial procuration. This sort of legislation creates a false impression on the subject. We are not informed as to the real thing to attack; all we get are vague suggestions and wild statements. The facts may be so very different. The real problem will not be solved by penal legislation which Members of Parliament may not seriously and fully have considered. And Parliament gets a fictitious reputation for being in earnest about morality and religion. If there is to be any flogging at all, then let it be imposed all round. Let women as well as men suffer, and let the really horrible acts of sexual crime, the outrages upon defenceless and unwilling people, be punished in this way. While Members are about it, why not sanction even more fiendish and futile forms of torture? And let the hired torturers do their work in public. This business of merciless persecution of one class of women is a sign of the diseased condition of Christian civilisation. Before we begin to throw stones and hunt the victims for which all men and women are jointly responsible, we ought to see that every woman worker has a wage worthy of womanhood. It is strange that so little has been heard on the other side. The truth is, the general public is not behind legislation of this kind. It is a good thing that the Church of Christianity did not hold sway when Mary Magdalene lived in Jerusalem.—Yours, &c.,

F. R. SWAN.

Brotherhood Church, Southgate Road, N.
November 12th, 1912.

"THE MEAT AND MUSIC OF THE COUNTRY LABORER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his notice of my book, "A Wiltshire Village," contained in your issue of November 2nd, has certainly done me an injustice in the representation he has given of my views and opinions. To speak of me as an "intelligent Tory working man" is utterly unfair and untrue. And as to being "in thorough agreement with the farmer and the squire," that is far worse than ever. The plea I have made for the agricultural laborer is sincere and unmistakable; anyone who reads the pages through can see that. The reviewer says I "make the admission haltingly, that the wages are not enough." Other people are saying, "This is strong meat." As to my remarks on "brains," or "stuffed knowledge," the reviewer skipped the argument, which is that courage and character and will-power are of more value than mere brains in the world of work. I said, "We want to cultivate strong feelings, sensibilities, and sympathies; to learn action as well as thought." Where is the squirearchy in this?

The reviewer next quotes from a tragic sketch in the book, and does me the greatest injustice of all when he suggests that I hold the character up as an example of what a thrifty farm-laborer might be. I certainly do no such thing; I should be mad, indeed, if I did. As for "meat and music," that is what I plead for; or the meat, at any rate; we could get along without the music. I have said the farm-laborer has been greatly neglected, and that he needs help from outside; that his first need is increased wages, and not education so much, and I shall adhere to that view. But the book is a picture of actual and natural life, and not an economic study. The great bulk of the work is unnoticed in the article.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED WILLIAMS.

Dryden Cottage, South Marston, near Swindon, Wilts.

[Mr. Williams is mistaken if he thinks that the tone of our article was unfriendly to his interesting book.—ED., NATION.]

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish that you would state again, more fully and closely, the case against those measures of national defence which to many of us seem an urgent necessity. I ask this as a non-party man whom our public affairs fill with deep anxiety, on account of our public fortunes and those of my humble self, and as one who will be grateful to anyone who can reason his anxieties away.

They are these. Your disclaimer of hostility on Germany's part does not reassure, because I have to ask, *Which Germany?* For I find a section of German opinion openly declaring that sentiment, and justifying the execution of it by force. Call them Jingoos, for such they are. But also they are the strongest motive force in German foreign politics. (In much of this you agreed with me when I wrote some years ago.) The spirit of the mighty Bismarck is in them, an ill spirit.

But suppose this fear relieved. The ambition of Jingoos is one cause of war, but only one. Britain's interests conflict, or seem to conflict, with Germany's on many paths of the world, and a quarrel may occur over these, though we or both desire peace. Also, we may be drawn into a European quarrel (say, over Turkey), if not as principal, yet as ally. This contingency *must* be provided for: we must not remain at the mercy of any Power, however benevolent, which is a possible, even if not probable, enemy.

So I ask whether we are at the mercy of Germany, or of any other Power, if through our own fault, or theirs, or neither's, we come to blows?

We have a fleet, no doubt, and the encounter would be on the sea (it is said) where we are superior in force. How much superior? So much as to eliminate mischances which would cancel the superiority? "Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water rats—I mean spies and submarines—land thieves and water thieves—I mean raiders and privateers; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks"—and fogs in the North Sea. With our ventures in so few bottoms, under the new Dreadnought system, I cannot "sleep sound in my bed." Can you, sir, bid me do so, 'as did so rashly one of our experts a while ago, to his quick confusion? I wish you might be able so to do, with a real weight of informed and sincere expert opinion behind you.

But if a chance overthrow of our sea defence cannot be eliminated, then "my fears stick deep" of Britain's enemy, whoever he may be. If I am told the regular and territorial armies will deal with invaders, I remind myself that the former ought, if there is war, to leave the country on duty, and that I must trust to the latter. Sir, can a sane man really do that? Will anyone persuade him that our Territorials, that little fraction of England's manhood, whom I name with honor and love for their self-sacrifice, and with a blush for the selfishness of the most of us—that this could deal with a trained European enemy? Let us for the moment forget Lord Roberts, though his authority can have no equal; let us forget the testimony now pouring in from the ranks of that army, since tongues have been loosed; and let a civilian observer of things use his common-sense upon known, undenied facts. These men are too few to garrison our wide coastline, or to concentrate in overwhelming force at any threatened point in time. They are not picked men; their lessons in the art of war are far too scantily attended, and, for those who attend best, far too short to produce that discipline which alone can endure in a day of battle, or even of march; they are pronounced by the very author of their being (Lord Haldane) unfit for war till six months (how shall we secure them?) have been granted for their training; their officers are competent for their task neither in number nor in expertness; last and worst, they are, and must of necessity, be weak in artillery, and artillery is to-day the arbiter of battle. Let us look at the Balkans, at reservists fleeing because they are reservists and not men with the colors, at stouter battalions wiped out from their entrenchments because Bulgarians shoot straighter out of better guns. We are looking at a picture of an English shire on a day that may come, unless we alter our ways.

These, sir, are my fears. You who do not, I understand, share them, may be able to show me that I have

misinterpreted the facts which inspire them. If you do, I shall be grateful. In any case, I will read your argument with open mind, and with some trust that the reasonings of an organ whose banner is the weal of the nation will be free from the unsoundness of party or class feeling, which is the main root of what I think our present peril.

One word more. I am not here advocating the National Service scheme. I am asking for some scheme of national defence, of whatever authorship, which can defend the nation.—Yours, &c.,

Oxford.

JOHN H. SKRINE, D.D.

[We will deal with this subject.—ED., NATION.]

THE FUTURE OF THE MORLEY REFORMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his recent work, "The Indian Scene," Mr. J. A. Spender refers to the sensitiveness to criticism displayed by certain sections of the official class in India. Whether a minority like it or not, criticism of public measures is bound to be offered in daily increasing volume, both in India and in this country; for the heart of England is democratic, and, as in the West so in the East, public opinion is passing through a rapid evolution of ideas. But it is wrong to suppose that the Indian Civil Service has no forum in which it can defend itself. It has its advocates in the Provincial and Imperial Legislative Councils, in the Houses of Parliament, and in the English and Indian Press. In the Bombay Presidency, where Sir George Clarke has fostered a cordial spirit of co-operation between the officials and the people, Collectors have been encouraged to hold local Durbars to explain and defend administrative measures. The wisdom of this new policy can scarcely be exaggerated. It should be remembered, too, that most of the Indian grievances are not so much against individual members as against principles of government. Every fair-minded critic will be ready to acknowledge that the members of the Civil Service are doing a great work in India. In this, as in other matters, Mr. Spender "holds the scales even"; but simultaneously with such an appreciation of their services in the cause of good government, he does not fail to recognise that the time has come for the rulers of India to adopt various measures of reform in order to bring the British policy itself into harmony with the liberal traditions of England.

The Indian reformer will feel sincerely grateful to Mr. Spender for his just and eloquent advocacy of the policy of giving a larger number of high executive posts to educated Indians whose ability and character would give them practical opportunities of serving their fellow-countrymen. An organ of another school, far from seeing the justice of Mr. Spender's plea, points to its "injustice." It virtually asks: How can you give high appointments to sons of the soil (however able and educated and naturally fitted they may be), to "outsiders"—as Indians are considered by this paper to be in their own country—when Civilians have been trained and recruited in order that they may maintain a monopoly of such appointments? But this is begging the question; for the essence of Mr. Spender's argument is that such a monopoly is radically unjust in principle, and, therefore, you must improve the system itself. Administrative systems exist for the benefit of the people, not the people for the benefit of administrative systems.

Another organ objects by saying that the experiment of placing Indians in responsible positions was tried in the case of the Statutory Civil Service, and had failed. But the fault was not with the material at hand, but with the experiment, for there is a wealth of ability, culture, and earnestness among the rising generation of educated Indians, if only it is carefully utilised. Again, was the Statutory Civil Service an entire failure? The present Collector of Kolaba is one of the most popular district officers, and another representative of the Statutory Service is at present a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India.

But the views of the latter critic lead us to a question of vital importance to the cause of Indian progress. Lord Morley's reforms have produced a far-reaching effect upon the real unrest and discontent of the Indian people. A retired Lieutenant-Governor bore striking testimony the other day to the excellent results that have attended the introduction of these conciliatory measures. As Mr.

Spender notes in his work, the new Councils have brought into life a new spirit of friendly co-operation between officials and Indians. Is it too early, sir, to raise a word of warning with regard to the future of Lord Morley's reforms? In the inner circles in India, certain legislative and executive appointments made under the Morley schemes have been received with just disapproval, as they fail to answer to the present-day Indian standard of public efficiency. Men of second-rate ability have been selected for highly responsible executive and legislative positions, while so many other men of unquestionably superior ability were easily available. Those who believe in Lord Morley's statesmanlike policy should see to it that the highest offices now thrown open to Indians be held by Indians of the highest ability, and that the nominations to the Legislative Councils be conferred on honest politicians to the rigid exclusion of fawning sycophants.

Mr. Spender's grasp of the social problem is as strong as his outlook on the political questions is sympathetic. Every right-thinking Englishman will echo his desire for a bridging of the gap between "the cantonment" and the "bazaar" in India. Mr. Spender does not forget to add: "Anglo-Indians of the old school will tell you that this is an idle dream"; but the late Sir Charles Elliott was one of them, and yet, in an article in the "Empire Review," he made the cogent suggestion that English officers should regard it as part of their official duty to come socially in contact with the people among whom their work lay.

The people of India will add Mr. Spender's name to the roll of far-seeing Englishmen who enable British rule to retain its hold upon the imagination and gratitude of her teeming millions. The critic who recognises that "the Government is, beyond all doubt, able, honest, disinterested"; the writer who holds that "if ever Great Britain quitted India it would be because she had lost faith in her cause"; the politician who declares that "we have to seek positive and constructive policies which will convince the Indians that we are developing their estate as faithful trustees and giving them opportunities which they could not obtain for themselves"—surely, he has his heart in the right place. In many cases, Mr. Spender's point of view is altogether fresh. He observes, as very few writers have done, that India is suffering acutely from a disproportionately small middle class. The solution lies in "positive and constructive policies"; in protective measures for the benefit of the numerous small-holders in India; in practical steps for the promotion of industries; and, above all, in active movements for the spread of elementary education throughout the length and breadth of the Indian continent. It is only then that we shall realise the New India of which Macaulay dreamt, and which forms the dim background of Mr. Spender's work—the New India which shall fill one of the most glorious chapters in the history of England.—Yours, &c.,

P. C. TARAPORE.

National Liberal Club, November 9th, 1912.

"A SYMPOSIUM ON MARRIAGE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In spite of the authority of the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Osborne's exegesis may be questioned without adopting "the hypothesis of Jansen and Drews," or reducing the central Figure of the Gospels "to a Mithra myth." The "Times" will not be suspected of undue leanings in the direction of German criticism of this description; but the case could not be better summed up than in the "History of Divorce" now being published in its columns:—

"It is evident that the New Testament, and what we may learn from the history of the Early Church, leaves the whole question in uncertainty. Such being the case, it would appear that divergence of opinion on the question of divorce must remain . . . and the only guide can be the best interests of the community."

And—

"The Medieval Western Church endeavored to impose upon family life a burden that it could not bear; with the result that, when the dawn of the Renaissance broke across Europe, it revealed a society on the point of disintegration,

and a Church that had cast away the splendors of its first hope."—The "Times," November 9th.

Again, short of adopting the ratepayer test, that of the communicant is open to criticism. In a parish known to the writer, the one village drunkard possesses the latter qualification, and is, consequently, entitled to vote for the lay representatives in the Ruri-Decanal Conference. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is to be preferred to ecclesiastical tribunals so composed.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

November 13th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I correct a mistake in my letter of last week on "A Symposium on Marriage"? The latter part of the sentence—"The evaporation of all idea of a Church, till nothing is felt of a spiritual side or aspect of the nation's life," ought to be "but a spiritual side," etc. I did not, of course, mean to charge the writer of the review with a denial of the necessity of such spiritual side, but of regarding the latter as sufficient from a Christian standpoint, without the existence of a Church of any kind, distinct from the State, and claiming to represent the faith and mission of Christ.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. OSBORNE.

November 9th, 1912.

HERACLEITUS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May an Etonian, old enough to remember the author of "Ionica," recall the rendering of the lines of Callimachus given in that too-little read book by the most scholarly of Eton tutors, William Johnson?

"They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FAWKES.

Ashby St. Ledgers,

Poetry.

NINE HOURS, O CHRIST. . .

NINE hours, O Christ,
For the world's glee
Briefly didst hang
On the bitter tree.

Longer, Prometheus,
Thou! Age-long
Did the ridge of Asia
Support thy wrong.

But Man, that conceived you—
Man, in whose dream
Ye did deliver,
Ye did redeem,

Man, in whom vision
Outstrips the will,
To Earth, war-weary,
Is nailed still.

HERBERT TRENCH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." Vol. II. 1837-1846. By W. F. Monypenny. (Murray. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope (1806-1873)." Compiled from the Cannon Hall papers. By A. M. W. Stirling. (Lane. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
- "Dawn in Darkest Africa." By John H. Harris. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Greek Thinkers: A History of Ancient Philosophy." Vol. IV. By Theodor Gomperz. Translated by G. G. Berry. (Murray. 14s. net.)
- "The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields." By E. Ernestine Milla. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 2 vols. 10s. net.)
- "The Worker and His Country." By Fabian Ware. (Arnold. 6s. net.)
- "Paul and His Interpreters." By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by W. Montgomery. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "England Under the Old Religion." By Abbot Gasquet. (Bell. 6s. net.)
- "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: More Passages by the Way." By Sir Henry Lucy. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Greeuze and His Models." By John Rivers. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Europe and the Turks." By Noel Buxton, M.P. (Methuen. 1s. net.)
- "Dying Fires." By Allan Monkhouse. (Duckworth. 6s.)
- "Autour de Flaubert." Par René Descharmes et René Dumesnil. (Paris: Mercure de France. Deux Volumes. 7fr.)

THE principle that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" does not always hold, and the biographies of famous biographers are rarely successful. On the other hand, they often have the merit of giving us fresh glimpses of interesting people, for no great biography has been written by a man who was not on terms of intimacy with his hero and the members of his hero's circle. For this reason, we believe that many readers will be glad to have two recent books of this type—Mr. Richard Renton's "John Forster and his Friendships," published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Mr. George Mallory's "Boswell the Biographer," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Mr. Mallory describes his book as "less than a biography and more than an essay." He is concerned with Boswell's character and psychology rather than with the external facts of his life, and he comes to the conclusion, with Professor Raleigh, that "Boswell was a genius," though he adds that this does not preclude the possibility of his being a fool. No one can read this careful study without coming to the conclusion that Carlyle was right, and that if Boswell was a fool, he was certainly not a stupid fool.

FORSTER'S "Life of Charles Dickens" was said by Carlyle to be worthy to be named after Boswell's work; but though Boswell has had several biographers, Mr. Renton's book is the first extended memoir of Forster. Yet Forster's circle included many of the great Victorians, and such men as Dickens, Browning, Lytton, and Harrison Ainsworth consulted him about their books, and often deferred to his judgment. His own literary activity was of very unequal value. His "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith" is still the standard work; but his "Landon" is heavy and uninspiring. Of the first volume of his "Life of Swift"—all he lived to finish—Mr. Renton quotes an anonymous verdict that it is "a dull and conventional thing," though the critic believed that "no one was so fitted by profound knowledge of the period." Its want of success reconciles us to the failure of a project for a book on "Queen Anne and Her Times," the political sections of which were to be written by Bulwer Lytton, and "the more literary portions, the Swifts and Popes, Defoes and Steeles, Pryors and Gays, the Vanbrughs, Congreves, Knellers, Booths, and Bettertons," by Forster.

His historical researches into the Stuart period are still of value; but they have, of course, been largely supplemented and corrected by the work of Samuel Rawson Gardiner and of Professor C. H. Firth. Forster always preferred the biographical form of writing history, and his "Sir John Eliot," "Eminent British Statesmen," and "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth" contain excellent examples of historical biography. Of the "Strafford,"

included in the last of these collections, Carlyle wrote in complimentary terms to the author:—

"You know me as one not given to compliments; but I cannot help saying that I did feel myself to be reading a right faithful piece of investigation—by far the truest picture ever given of that man. This is my verdict, after second reading."

Oddly enough, just as Carlyle is Cromwell's ablest apologist, so Forster, though an ardent Whig, is, in many respects, his most powerful historical prosecutor.

MR. RENTON mentions the quarrel between Browning and Forster, but he has not been able to tell us what caused it. Browning's first published poem, "Pauline," was praised by Forster in "The Examiner," and when "The Athenæum" and other critical journals attacked "Paracelsus," Forster was one of the poet's most enthusiastic champions. The two soon became close friends, and though we know that Browning once threatened to brain Forster with a cut-glass decanter, the cause of their estrangement is still hidden. Whitwell Elwin, a forgotten but able writer on literary topics in "The Quarterly Review," to whose discretion the letters from Browning to Forster were entrusted, proved himself so very discreet that the letters have vanished, and what might have been an amusing page in the history of the quarrels of authors remains unwritten.

THE writer of a monograph on Forster, who signs himself "One of His Friends," states that Forster was engaged for a time to Letitia Elizabeth Landon, and this story is repeated in the notices of Forster and "L. E. L." in "The Encyclopedia Britannica." The anonymous writer says that "the fair poetess generally contrived to enlist the affections of her editors," of whom Forster was one, and he adds that "the engagement was broken off, it is believed through the arts of Dr. Maguin, and it is said that Forster behaved exceedingly well in the transaction." This version of the affair throws a slur upon "L. E. L.," who suffered quite enough from scandal during her lifetime, and we are glad to find that Mr. Renton's researches lead him to the conclusion that the whole report is unfounded. Forster was, like others, attracted by Miss Landon's unconventional personality; but Mr. Renton refuses to believe that there was more between them, or that an engagement was broken off for any reason discreditable to the lady.

EVEN the briefest account of Forster should make some mention of the famous "Forster Collection" of manuscripts, books, and pictures, which he bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum. One of the greatest of these treasures was acquired in a way which every bookman must condemn as reprehensible. This is Browning's own annotated copy of "Pauline," containing, not only Browning's notes, but "some curious analytically-critical notes on the poem," written in pencil by John Stuart Mill. It was borrowed by Forster from its author, and never returned, though Mr. Renton tells us that later on the poet "confirmed the conveyance" by his silent acquiescence. Of equal interest, and, let us hope, of more legitimate acquisition, is what Forster describes as "the large-paper copy of the first edition of 'Gulliver,' which belonged to the friend who carried Swift's manuscript with so much mystery to Motte, the publisher, interleaved for alterations and additions by the author, and containing, beside all the changes, erasures, and substitutions adopted in the latter edition, several interesting passages, mostly in the voyage to Laputa, which have never yet been given to the world."

OTHER attractions for the book-lover, to be found in the collection, are a set of fifteen Dickens manuscripts, from "Oliver Twist" to "Edwin Drood," together with Dickens's "Diary" for the years 1838 to 1841, which is not accessible to the public, but which Mr. Renton was allowed to see; the copy of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" which Byron gave to Leigh Hunt; a first edition of Shakespeare's "Richard III.," once owned by Edmund Kean; Addison's "Travels in Italy," containing an autograph letter from the author to Swift; and several rare or unique volumes. It is surprising that a library of this sort should be neglected; but Mr. Renton says that, when working in the Forster Library, he has noticed, for days together, nothing but a waste of unoccupied desks.

Reviews.

DISRAELI OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD.

"The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield."
Vol. II. 1837-1846. By W. F. MONYPENNY. (Murray.
12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MONYPENNY'S second instalment of Disraeli's life treads more familiar ground than the first. Therefore, it lacks some of the abundant color of the period when "Vivian Grey" stood, not merely for the author's vision of life and ideal of personal ambition, but for a fairly authentic portrait of himself. By 1837, the year of Disraeli's entry into Parliament, "Vivian Grey" had grown up. His powers had matured, his cloudy, boyish aims had hardened and concentrated. In less than nine years from that date he had made himself a first-rate political reputation, had formed one party and dissolved another, and had struck down the most powerful of British statesmen. Both the intellectual and the practical development which marked out the young from the middle-aged Disraeli was remarkable. In 1837 he is still an obviously vain, unsettled, and crudely ambitious man. He delights in the sensation of his entry into Parliament, and adds, in the "Vivian Grey" vein, "that next to undoubted success the best thing is to make a great noise." He can write to his sister or his wife, in the fond candor of these charming communications, as if each of his Parliamentary speeches were a masterpiece. Of his first great failure he says, with truth, to Sarah Disraeli, that he had "fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper"; of his third speech in the Commons, that it was the "very best" of the evening; of a following effort, that it was "most brilliant and triumphant." His social successes give him unaffected pleasure. He is proud to see his name in the "Morning Post" after a "magnificent banquet" at Holderness House. In some admirable pictures of the Court of Louis Philippe (whom he describes carving ham "like a conjuror," in "vast but wafer-thin" slices), he revels in the King's strange appreciation of his bizarre and attractive personality. All the stuff of pageantry—its jewels and flowers and lighted palaces—are dear to his Jewish heart; yet he keeps a cold, close, shrewd eye for character; and his private sketches of near associates are detached and even cynical. His affairs were still greatly embarrassed, and Mr. Monypenny suggests that his marriage with the well-to-do, though not rich, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis brought him only partial relief. Nevertheless, in this, as in nearly every close personal relationship, he shows to advantage. Mrs. Lewis wanted neither charm nor sense; and if it is urged that the Disraeli of thirty-three was not likely to fall in love with a "rattle" of forty-five, Mr. Monypenny does well to remind us that they had tastes, and even oddities, in common. If she dressed extravagantly, so did he. Her liveliness must have cheered his saturnine mood, and her courage and adoration did the rest. It is not necessary to add that he made an almost unnaturally perfect husband. Of how many public men could a woman say, as Mrs. Disraeli said shortly before her death, that "her life had been a long scene of happiness, owing to his love and kindness"? Every letter to his wife which Mr. Monypenny quotes, and the innumerable *petits soins* of which they were the token, bear witness to the truth of this fond eulogy.*

* Mrs. Disraeli's analytical catalogue of her own and her husband's characters will be much quoted, but it is too charming to omit here:—

Very calm.	Very effervescent.
Manners grave and almost sad.	Gay and happy-looking when speaking.
Never irritable.	Very irritable.
Bad-humored.	Good-humored.
Warm in love but cold in friendship.	Cold in love but warm in friendship.
Very patient.	No patience.
Very studious.	Very idle.
Very generous.	Only generous to those she loves.
Often says what he does not think.	Never says anything she does not think.
It is impossible to find out whom he likes or dislikes from his manner. He does not show his feelings.	Her manner is quite different, and to those she likes she shows her feelings.

In contrast with this wealth of uncalculating affection, mark the concentrated egoism of his public career. It is impossible to watch Disraeli long without some passing vision of a bird of prey; and yet, throughout this middle period, the stature of the adventurer grows, as his intellect, matured by reading and experience, acquires dignity and force. The whole purpose of genius—its determination to aim at a complete development of character, and a profound and imposing conquest of its age—appears in these later avowals of Disraeli. "In Fame, as well as in Love," he writes to his future wife, "my motto is, 'All or Nothing,' because I prefer happy obscurity to mediocre reputation." And in "Coningsby" he defined "that noble ambition which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognised by his race . . . the heroic feeling, the feeling that in old days produced demigods; without which no State is safe . . . and civilisation itself but a fitful and transient dream."

The career which thus unfolded itself was at its most interesting phase in the period (1837-1846) which Mr. Monypenny now covers. It was marked by at least two acts of little credit. The first was Disraeli's abandonment of the cause of his own people. In the first year of his Parliamentary life he voted against the relief of Jewish disabilities for municipal office. He relates this desertion with indifference: "Nobody looked at me," he writes to Sarah, "and I was not at all uncomfortable, but voted in the majority with the utmost *sang froid*." The second was his denial of his almost abject application to Peel for a place in the Government of 1841. Here no extenuation is possible, and Mr. Monypenny does not attempt it. The man who could say: "I confess to be unrecognised at this moment by you appears to me to be overwhelming," and who could entreat the Prime Minister to save him from "an intolerable humiliation," had the face to tell his constituents three years later that he had "never asked Sir Robert Peel for a place," and when confronted with Peel's too accurate memory of his begging letter, assured the House of Commons that "nothing of the kind ever occurred." Disraeli need not have shirked confession; he was on the heights when his lowly situation of eight years before was recalled to him, and his own prudent audacity should have told him that men regard lightly a growing climber's eagerness for power. Here, then—if we dismiss the incredible theory that he had forgotten the letter of 1841—he was both false and weak, and his further statement that he had "never asked a favor of the Government" was doubly untrue, for he had entreated it, not only in his own behalf, but in his brother's. Yet we agree with Mr. Monypenny that the victory over Peel stamps him, in spite of this mean episode, with intellectual greatness, and shows that Disraeli was not so wrong, nor Peel so right, as is the average Liberal judgment of this historic encounter.

Mr. Monypenny does not indeed state the issue with perfect fairness to the Free Trade cause. Peel's policy may have tended, in Mr. Monypenny's phrase, to commit the nation to a "one-sided and exaggerated industrial development," based on the notion that we were to become (as for a time we did become) the workshop of the world, and that all ports would speedily open to the free outward flow of our manufactures. Nor was Peel, the Minister who came into power on the backs of the agricultural party, quite the man to shake their cause to the ground. But Disraeli, while he professed that that "interest" included the country workers, and truly complained, in "Sybil," that the "peasantry" of England had been succeeded by "a race of serfs, who are called laborers and who burn ricks," forgot that they were made such by the act and deed of the landlords. When the enclosures drove the people from their cottages and common patches into the mills and town

No vanity.	Much vanity.
Conceited.	No conceit.
No self-love.	Much self-love.
He is seldom amused.	Everything amuses her.
He is a genius.	She is a dunce.
He is to be depended on to a certain degree.	She is not to be depended on.
His whole soul is devoted to politics and ambition.	She has no ambition, and hates politics.

slums, their sole concern, as consumers of bread and not raisers of wheat, was in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Therefore, Disraeli's just and profound theory that statesmanship should stand for a "balance" of the industrial and agricultural interests in the State had little practical application to the needs of the hour. Peel, indeed, always a short-range statesman, divined only the necessity for cheap food. But Cobden saw further. He would have opened the ports, but he would also have freed the land, and, in doing so, would have pierced both Peel's purely middle-class conceptions and Disraeli's fanciful restitution of the aristocracy, and his dream of binding them by silken ties of "duty" to a dispossessed and ruined peasantry.

Yet it is impossible to re-read these brilliant speeches of 1843 to 1846, which form the main theme of this volume, and the passages in "Coningsby" and "Sybil," which explain their social doctrine, without becoming keenly aware of Disraeli's insight and gift for political vision and prophecy. As a critic, Disraeli had three advantages over his contemporaries. He was a man of genius; he had a great literary gift; and he was essentially a foreigner—a bright-eyed, cool-headed and cold-hearted, inquisitive, rather fawning stranger—seeing England from without rather than from within. He was not a very sincere man. He loved phrase-making more than truth, and he could invent history to please himself and his friends. But he could see all round the queer, self-satisfied English world of his time, with the splendor of its palaces, and the misery of its mines and mills, its cruelties and philanthropies, its meanness, and complacency. In an admirable passage from "Coningsby," quoted by Mr. Monypenny, he described, with merciful and penetrating vision, the silent appeal of the people to the Ministry of 1815.

"They asked to be guided; they asked to be governed. Commerce requested a code; trade required a currency; the unfranchised subject solicited his equal privilege, suffering labor clamored for its rights; a new race demanded education."

Much the same problem presented itself to Peel, and the repeal of the Corn Laws was not a sufficient answer to it. Disraeli felt this, but his aims were mixed. He was a genius, and hated the Premier's "sublime mediocrity"; he was ambitious, and had a grievance; he did not strongly believe in Downing Street and Parliamentary Government. Whether he really thought it possible to supersede it by a form of plebiscitary kingship is very doubtful; but he was not alone among the high spirits of his time in wishing to erect pity, sympathy, helpfulness, and a wide comprehensive vision of statesmanship into governing powers in the community. On these feelings he spoke, now very like an adventurer and *arriviste*; now rather like a seer; always like a man sure of himself and of his stroke. It was, indeed, one of the many paradoxes of Disraeli's life that he, who was not a man of principle, did endeavor to recall the Tory Party to principles. In Peel's day it had become purely opportunist, as Liberalism has become in our own; and the danger of an opportunist party is that it may succumb to the first fierce wind of doctrine that blows.

As for the art of the series of anti-Peel speeches, it can hardly be surpassed. Their courage and their cruelty are remarkable.* One can still watch and note the demureness

* For a perfect example read this familiar passage:—

"There is no doubt a difference in the right hon. gentleman's demeanor as leader of the Opposition and as Minister of the Crown. But that's the old story; you must not contrast too strongly the hours of courtship with the years of possession. 'Tis very true that the right hon. gentleman's conduct is different. I remember him making his Protection speeches. They were the best speeches I ever heard. It was a great thing to hear the right hon. gentleman say: 'I would rather be the leader of the gentlemen of England than possess the confidence of Sovereigns.' That was a grand thing. We don't hear much of 'the gentlemen of England' now. (Great cheering.) But what of that? They have the pleasures of memory—the charms of reminiscence. They were his first love, and, though he may not kneel to them now as in the hour of passion, still they can recall the past; and nothing is more useless or unwise than those scenes of crimination and reproach, for we know that in all these cases, when the beloved object has ceased to charm, it is in vain to appeal to the feelings. (Great laughter.) You know that this is true. Every man almost has gone through it. My hon. friends reproach the right hon. gentleman. The right hon. gentleman does what he can to keep them quiet; he sometimes takes refuge in arrogant silence, and sometimes he treats them with haughty frigidity; and if they knew anything of human nature they would take

of tone, the alternate dropping and raising of the key, so as to hold and excite the audience, and enhance the misery of the victim; the skill with which the always recurring charge of treachery and deception is now veiled in banter, now suddenly disclosed in a fierce epigram; the way in which Peel's weakness of character and demeanor, his lofty airs, his commonplace speech, are drawn and re-drawn on the lines of slight but bitter caricature, till the design had been thoroughly bitten in to the sense of the House of Commons. In the *Life of Bentinck*, Disraeli himself has attested to the falseness of some of those lines, the truth of others. But literature contains no such examples of how literary genius, trained to a comma, can confound and belittle mere political craftsmanship.

Mr. Monypenny has done his work of appreciation with proper care and candor. He discovers the strand of coarseness which ran through Disraeli's character, and dismisses with proper lightness much of the fancy history of "Coningsby." He admits that Disraeli was a dreamer, and that he gave no precise form to his crude notion of a monarchy resting on the multitude, and acting on it through the press and a centralised machinery of local government. But he regards the later encroachments of the executive on Parliament as a rude fulfilment of Disraeli's shrewd prophecy that the House of Commons was getting too much power and was bound to surrender some of it. The volume is not full of startling new things; but we welcome some fresh touches, such as Disraeli's reference to Gladstone as "equal to Peel, with the advantage of youth," and a jest of Theodore Hook's on Prince Poniatowsky's refusal of the Crown of Poland—"He may have refused a crown, but he looks very much now as if he would accept half-a-crown." And we observe an interesting statement, made on the authority of Smythe (Lord Strangford) that Peel was willing to admit Disraeli as a colleague, and that the resistance came from Stanley. The volume contains two portraits of Mrs. Disraeli in her days of coquettish finery and prettiness, and two of the still young Disraeli (1840)—one by Chalon, the Academician, which shows a brilliant but rather common and markedly Hebrew face; the other (1844), a drawing by Charles Martin, yielding a beautiful, pensive, and but slightly Jewish expression.

H. W. M.

AN INDIAN MYSTIC.

"Gitanjali (Song-Offerings)." By RABINDRA NATH TAGORE. A Collection of Prose Translations made by the Author from the Original Bengali. With an Introduction by W. B. YEATS. (India Society. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE poetry of mysticism—the poetry which is inspired by, and seeks to express, the soul's direct vision of reality—is, or should be, the crown of literature, since it claims to fulfil the secret purpose of all art. It is seldom met in its perfection; for it demands in its creator a rare balance of qualities—a disciplined craftsmanship, an untamed ardor, a fearless and vivid intuition of truth. The mystic poet, in fact, if he would fulfil his high office as revealer of reality, must be at once—and in a supreme degree—an artist, a lover, and a seer.

Genius of this type will always be rare; but its importance for the spiritual progress of humanity cannot easily be exaggerated. The mystical poets, like the prophets of

the hint and shut their mouths. But they won't. And what then happens? What happens under all such circumstances? The right hon. gentleman, being compelled to interfere, sends down his valet, who says in the gentlest manner: 'We can have no whining here.' And that, sir, is exactly the case of the great agricultural interest—that beauty which everybody wooed and one deluded. There is a fatality in such charms, and we now seem to approach the catastrophe of her career. Protection appears to be in about the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828. The country will draw its moral. For my part, if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honor genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport than by one who, through skilled Parliamentary manoeuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy."

old, are the "eyes of the race." The theme of their lyrics and odes is not, as some have imagined, a thing strange and remote from us; but, on the contrary, something so near—so closely interwoven with the stuff of our spirits—that we cannot stand away from it, and see it as it is, without their help. Because they see all things lit up by the Uncreated Light, and perpetually discover in the multiplicity of creation the infinite simplicity of God, they give to us our most sublime and disinterested vision of the world and of life. That vision is not the fluid and indefinite creation of metaphysical sentimentality; it is actual, practical, and poignantly alive. The width of its sweep is balanced by the direct intimacy of its appeal to the individual soul. It is transfused by that passionate love which is the expression of spirit's instinct for its source and home.

This is the vision, these the qualities, which we look for in mystical poetry of the highest class. We find them alike in the writings of the East and the West; in the Sufi Jelalu d' Din Rumi, in the Franciscan Jacopone da Todì, in the austere, yet passionate Carmelite St. John of the Cross. All these, whatever their formal creed, speak, as Saint Martin said, "the same language, for they come from the same country"—the country which Augustine called "no mere vision, but a home." To their small company another name must now be added—that of the Bengali poet, Rabindra Nath Tagore. Only the classics of mystical literature provide a standard by which this handful of "Song Offerings" can be appraised or understood. These hundred-and-three lyrics, here translated by the author into rhythmic prose of singular beauty, pre-suppose as their origin that same personal and first-hand experience of the spiritual order—so changeless and so various, so ineffable and so homely—which is reported to us by the great mystics of every period. Here we find again that total independence of time, that almost complete independence of place, which characterise those same mystics at the height of their development; that same crystalline vision of the "Beauty so old and so new," that same exalted passion for reality. Many a phrase is here which might have been written by the Christian contemplatives—by St. Augustine or by Eckhart, by Mechthild of Magdeburg, or Julian of Norwich—and nothing, perhaps, which these contemplatives would have failed to understand. Hence, for those interested in the spiritual history of man—the continuance in our own day of that living tradition of intercourse with reality which we owe to the mystical saints—the appearance of these poems is an event of great importance. From the point of view of pure literature, their high quality can hardly be contested; yet it is not mere literary excellence which their author has sought, nor is it here that their deepest interest lies. They are offerings, from finite to infinite—oblations, as their creator holds that all art should be, laid upon the altar of the world.

"From the words of the poet men take what meanings please them, yet their last meaning points to thee."

Rabindra Nath Tagore has long been famous in India as a poet of the first rank; celebrated, not only for his mystical songs, but for the beauty of his dramas, love poems, and patriotic hymns. Mr. Yeats quotes a distinguished Bengali doctor as saying:—

"We have other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this the epoch of Rabindra Nath. No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken. . . . He is the first among our . . . who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him our love."

In these words, "he has spoken out of Life itself," we seem to have the clue to that which is most distinctive in Mr. Tagore's poetry. Coming out of the midst of life, it accepts life in its wholeness as a revelation of the Divine mind. This is not the "Via Negativa" of the Neoplatonists, but a positive mysticism, which presses forward to a "more abundant life." The idea of God which informs it, is far from that concept of a static and transcendent Absolute which we have been taught to regard as the centre of Hindu mysticism. The Deity to whom these songs are offered is at once the striving spirit of Creation, and that Creation's eternal source and end; both infinite and intimate, "dark with excess of light," and yet the friend and lover of each soul.

"Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

Since He is in one of His aspects the energetic Spirit of life, active in His own Creation, inhabiting the flux, this God may best be found and worshipped, not in the temple "with doors all shut," but within the rich and various world of things:—

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!"

"Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever."

The flux of life, the living, changeable, onward-pressing universe of modern vitalistic thought, is the stuff from which this seer has woven his vision of truth.

"All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on."

Yet he sees God in this storm of Becoming, controlling each manifestation of life from greatest to least, pressing all things on and up towards Perfection:—

"Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness."

God, then, is conceived by this mystic as pre-eminently the Creator of life and of beauty; He is the Divine Minstrel, and all creation is His song. Like Richard Rolle, the English hermit, who called the last state of the transfigured soul the "state of heavenly song," he is driven again and again to musical imagery in the attempt to express his vision of the universe:—

"I know not how thou singest, my Master! I ever listen in silent amazement."

"The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on."

Music has seemed to many of the great contemplatives the least inadequate of all symbols of reality, eluding the snares which lurk in more concrete images. Because they discern in creation a harmony which is beyond the span of other minds, they have heard, as this last of their descendants, "the harp of the road break out in sweet music of pain," and have felt a special obligation laid upon the poet to add his song to the melodies which fill the universe. St. Francis of Assisi held that the perfect friar should not only pray, but sing; and Catherine of Genoa prized gay music upspringing in the heart as evidence of its union with God. So here the creation of fresh beauty is presented as man's best approach to Perfect Beauty:—

"I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence."

"I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet, which I could never aspire to reach."

As Abt Vogler claimed for the musician a special initiation into the secrets of the universe, so for this poet it is the singer who is admitted to the peculiar intimacy of God. His song-offering is the sacrament of his ineffable communion with the Divine Nature; and it is from this personal and impassioned intercourse—so characteristic of the mystical consciousness—that his loveliest melodies are born.

"You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door."

"I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door."

"Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stood at my cottage door."

Yet this personal and secret ecstasy is but one side of the mystic's complete experience; it is balanced by the wide, impersonal consciousness of the eternal Divine immanence in creation, of the incessant and infinitely various self-revelation of God.

"The steps that I heard in my play-room are the same that are echoing from star to star."

This is the aspect of his vision which the poet offers to his fellow-men; the "flaming truth" which he is trying to make actual for the race. For him the footsteps of Reality are plainly audible, the light of Reality is every-

where to be seen. It is the supreme business of the artist to heal the eyes that see not, and the ears that cannot hear.

"Have you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.

"Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.

"Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, 'He comes, comes, ever comes.'"

THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ENCLOSURES.

"The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century." By R. H. TAWNEY. (Longmans, 9s. net.)

THELWALL remarked, more than a century ago, that the privileged classes had command not only of the sword but also of the pen, and that in literature and history it was the fashion to flatter them. The reproach is not yet obsolete. It is still the habit of many historians to treat the fortunes of the mass of a nation or race as if they were of very subordinate importance, and to represent their protests or their insurrections as temporary and vexatious incidents in the midst of a general career of progress and improvement. We are asked to admire the advance made by civilisation under the leadership of the great pioneers of scientific agriculture and scientific industry, and not to trouble ourselves about the weaker classes, whose contribution to that advance took the form, not of a disinterested though enriching imagination, but of a sullen clinging to old superstitions on the subject of their happiness and welfare. How far this treatment of history will be found satisfactory in a society in which there is a growing race of workers desiring education, and desiring a greater share in the State, may well be doubted. The privileged classes, as Mr. Tawney observes in an excellent discussion of the fatalist interpretation of history, get into the way of regarding the legal and economic developments which favor them as an essential characteristic of civilisation itself. Nothing else could have happened. "Whatever is has always been implicit in the past." But when the posterity of the classes that sank under those developments force their way into the lecture-room, they are not quite satisfied with the explanation that the events that proved fatal to their forefathers were inevitable, that progress could not find any other path or direction, and that the most interesting thing in history is to watch the fortunes and adventures of the powerful and eminent from one generation to another. A good deal of history, it may be hoped, will be re-written under the influence of this new atmosphere. Of the wider conception of history that democracy may be expected to encourage, we have an excellent example in Mr. Tawney's book. He has set himself the task of understanding the kind of society that existed in rural England in the sixteenth century, the circumstances and characters and ways of life of its various members, the forces that threatened it and the forces that protected it, the manner in which men and women combated or aided economic development, and the consequences to England of events that were themselves the consequences of human motives and human power, and would never have come about if that power had been differently distributed. It is a difficult task, for he has had to explore and expound a great mass of technical and tedious detail; but it is admirably accomplished, and his book gives the results of laborious study and research, illuminated with a glowing human sympathy. We may, perhaps, be permitted to offer our congratulations, not only to Mr. Tawney, but to the Workers' Educational Association, with whose early fortunes he has been so closely identified, and to whose stimulating atmosphere he makes acknowledgments in his preface.

The great agrarian changes of the sixteenth century were preceded by a century of increasing prosperity for the small cultivator. This was due to several causes which Mr. Tawney examines and weighs. The restrictions imposed by villeinage had been relaxed; though villeinage still survived in occasional villages. Dr. Savine estimates that there were 500 villein families in 1485, and one of Ket's demands was that "all bond-men may be made free, for God made all free with his precious blood-shedding." Still, it is true to say that, generally speaking, England had passed from servile to free labor; and, so far as the land-holding peasants

were concerned, the age of free labor did not mean as yet a régime of competition and defencelessness. For, though the old system had been modified in many respects, the custom of the manor remained as a protection for a great body of the villagers. Two classes of tenants were outside it—the freeholders and the leaseholders; and of these, the freeholders did not need it. The freeholder was secure, and held his own right through the storms that were coming. But the mass of the tenants—this seems clear from the evidence Mr. Tawney has accumulated—were copyholders or customary tenants holding by some other tenure; and for them the custom of the manor was a real shelter. The customs which regulate their relations with their lord are a check on his power. He deals with them as a body, and they strike as a body. Sometimes they can force him to arbitration. And custom still ruled the payments made by the tenants, and therefore the surplus profits of agriculture are reaped in the main by the small cultivator. The rise in prices had no terrors for him. Finally, there had been much buying and selling of land among the small cultivators, and customary tenants had built up properties. Enclosure was progressing; but it was the kind of enclosure that was advantageous to the poor—the exchange of inconvenient strips, and agreements to make agriculture a freer and more flexible industry.

This is, of course, a very rough and general account of the position at the opening of Mr. Tawney's story. It is subject to various qualifications and exceptions. But looking broadly at the condition of England, it is true to say that at this moment the all-important person in her agrarian economy was the customary tenant. He was like the Irish peasant of the nineteenth century. If he could be made secure, and the custom of the manor could be strengthened into a permanent and valid legal power, England would retain her small cultivators, and the English village of the future would be a democratic society. If not, the changes that were coming over agriculture would inaugurate that period of decline which was to end, more than two centuries later, in the creation of an agrarian proletariat, and the destruction of the English peasant.

There were, roughly speaking, three main forces tending to break up the old agrarian society. The first is what we may call the commercialising of landholding. Land was coming to be regarded as an income-yielding investment, rather than as the basis of political functions and obligations. This was partly due to the second disturbing cause, the Tudor peace and discipline. As Mr. Tawney puts it: "The Tudor discipline, with its stern prohibition of livery and maintenance, its administrative jurisdictions, and tireless bureaucracy, had put down private warfare with a heavy hand, and by drawing the teeth of feudalism, had made the command of money more important than the command of men." Mr. Tawney illustrates this point by contrasting the South and Midlands of England, where the manorial agents are cursed in the sixteenth century as the agents of evictions and rack-renting, with the Northumbrian manors, where the old spirit and system survived, and tenants are still valued, and cherished, and protected, because of the military necessities of the wild borderland. The old seigneur "had governed his estate as the sovereign—often the resident sovereign—of a petty kingdom, whose interests were roughly identical with his own: and though his depredations were a terror to his neighbors, his own tenants had little to fear from them, for his tenants were the force on which his very existence depended." The new type of landlord is either a laborious and acute man of business, or else a courtier, getting "what he can from his estates to pay for his pleasures." Thirdly, there was a remarkable rise in prices, beginning soon after 1500, which, together with the great opportunities provided by the growth of the woollen trade, supplied a strong incentive to the change and expansion. A landlord might regard himself as being in a position in which he must choose between becoming richer or becoming poorer. England was, in this respect, more like nineteenth-century Ireland than the England we know later. These forces combined to introduce capitalist organisation, and to threaten a society based on custom. There were certain elements of resistance, for the peasantry still had a great deal of spirit, as they showed in Ket's Rebellion. There are two other great differences between the enclosures of the sixteenth century and the more

sweeping enclosures of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In the later enclosures many of the landowners who put an Enclosure Act through Parliament did introduce better methods of agriculture. In the earlier enclosures any improvements that were made were made by the peasants themselves, and the landlords did not make any outlay on increasing the productivity of their estates.

The other difference is in the attitude of Parliament. In the eighteenth-century enclosures it was assumed by the ruling class that a process which turned the mass of the villagers from men with rights and property into mere wage-earners, was a blessing to civilisation. This was not the view of the sixteenth-century governments. For them it was important that the small cultivators should be contented, or they might be exploited by a rebellious minority, and that they should be vigorous and numerous, or the State might suffer when it needed them in war. Consequently, Governments do not encourage or even acquiesce in the process; they pass Acts forbidding the conversion of arable to pasture, prohibiting the letting of cottages to agricultural laborers with less than four acres of land attached, enacting that houses which have become decayed must be rebuilt; and as the distrust and discontent increase, more drastic measures follow. Mr. Tawney traces the efforts of the party called "The Commonwealth Men," which sprang up in 1548 and 1549, as a result of Somerset's sympathy, having Latimer as its prophet, and the wise and public-spirited Hales, Member for Preston, as its practical reformer. A Royal Commission was appointed, and one of its committees, with Hales as a member, carried out a serious inquiry in the Midlands. Meanwhile, Somerset himself was active in the Council, issuing proclamations, and using the Court of Requests as an instrument for protecting tenants against landlords. Somerset's fall in 1549 brought Warwick, a great landlords' champion, to power, and he set to work to undo all that had been done by way of helping the tenants. "The ways in which men seek liberty are infinite in number, but the methods of tyranny are everywhere the same; and the nearest parallel to the behavior of Somerset's successors is the attitude of the panic-stricken aristocracy of the early nineteenth century towards trade unions." There was a reaction during the reign of Elizabeth, though nobody ever imitated Somerset and Hales, and from that time almost down to the establishment of the oligarchy, the general policy of the Government was the policy of trying to regulate enclosure. The last Bill for that purpose was introduced in 1656. These efforts were not all vain, but they were the efforts of a Government which had to work through men who had enriched themselves by enclosure, and by the plunder of the monasteries. Mr. Tawney's examination of the material available for forming an opinion on the extent to which this legislation was operative is one of the most interesting of his contributions to the subject. The whole book is a protest against the simple philosophy which abstracts economic causes from human actions and the destinies of societies, and believes that the one thing that can safely be disregarded in explaining history is the conduct of men and of governments. One short and excellent sentence sums up his argument. "If economic causes made a new system of farming profitable, it is none the less true that legal causes decided by whom the profits should be enjoyed."

LOVE STORIES OF GENIUS.

"Some Old Love Stories." By T. P. O'CONNOR. (Nelson. 1s. net.)

WITH skill and charm, a flowing pen, and full knowledge of his subject, Mr. O'Connor tells the love stories of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier, Fersen and Marie Antoinette, Carlyle and his wife, and Lassalle and the lady who became Princess Racowitza. Each, in its degree, is a tragical history. Abraham Lincoln should no more have married Mary Todd than Thomas Carlyle should have married Jane Welsh. Each of the two men nearly missed his fate, and each had better have done so. "Where are you going?" someone, seeing him dressed (for the first time in his life) in real "store" clothes, asked of Lincoln on the morning of his

wedding. "To hell, I suppose," was the answer. With this may be contrasted the letter written just before they were married by Jane Welsh to Carlyle. We have two marriages in this book, and three affairs of love. The two marriages were as fatal as wedlock can be. Lincoln, whose native gloom of character (though there was far more of nobility in it) resembled Carlyle's, comes well through the great trial of destiny. Carlyle sinks under it, and his memory is, in a measure, for ever clouded. Let us at least remember that, in the outpourings of his heart, he never spared himself. What he himself tells, what Froude tells, what the friend of the brilliant, bitter, and broken wife tells, compose a history that Mr. O'Connor justly describes as "painful, tragic, and thrilling"—the very Nemesis of a marriage, which seems like another curse of Eden. Mr. O'Connor insists that we all love Mirabeau. Perhaps this is a touch exaggerated, but we are all disposed to condone his huge and manifold offences and weaknesses. But his affairs of the heart! What is printed concerning them smells a little too rankly of Holywell Street. What passed between Count Fersen and Marie Antoinette is, and always will be, in some degree legendary, but finely and delicately so to those who can in any way get, by fancy or imagination, to the sad centre of the mystery. Here, perhaps, if ever, were two lovers whom the gods forbade to love. Again, what a chaos of possibilities lay in the encounter of Lassalle and Helene von Dönniges! What would have been the upshot of it, had this Paris carried off this Helen? There was no Menelaus, but there was a father equal to grasping his daughter by the hair. Was it a proper or a wretched doom that finished off Lassalle with the bullet of the other swain? There is abundance of suggestive reading in Mr. O'Connor's compendious volume.

THE CANDID FRIEND.

"The Private Life of Henry Maitland: A Record Dictated by 'J. H.'" By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash. 6s.)

THE delicate questions raised by this "Record" of the private life and domestic affairs of George Gissing, by one who was more or less in life-long intimacy with him, may be reduced broadly to two. First, it may be asked—Who among us is safe, if, after our death, our chosen friend, from a variety of motives, interested and disinterested, may hold himself free to publish abroad our private confidences, and his own privileged knowledge of our mistakes and follies, our domestic difficulties and personal weaknesses? The second question is—What does such a "record" accomplish for the dead man's memory? Is it inspired by passionate affection or love of truth? or is it not prompted in part by the writer's own itch for literary fame?

These questions interweave, and cannot be wholly settled, nor yet laid aside, we imagine, either by the biographer's own conscience, or by the dead author's surviving friends and relatives, who have, in love or loyalty, preferred not to raise the veil. The plain fact is that, in writing "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," the biographer may be exonerated from the charge of "disloyalty" by his obvious anxiety to be just and fearless in drawing a portrait of Gissing free from all falsity; while, on the other hand, he has failed to respond to the finest fibres of friendship by the tone of comments, now over-blunt, now hard, now slightly tinged with patronage. Has he been truly a friend, this "J. H.," who has dictated this "record" of private troubles, so excruciating and so insistent? This must be answered by Gissing's other friends, and does not press for any hasty solution.

In one respect at least—that of clearing the air of tittle-tattle and the inquisitive whispers of all who go nosing after scandal—this Private Life is justified. The worst is out. A friend's hand has penned the record of Gissing's youthful fault which ruined his scholastic career, and sent him, a solitary, sensitive figure, to toil at the ear unremittently in the galleys of Grub Street. It is not so dreadful, this fault—that of theft at college—for those who know the strange tricks the strain of adolescence plays with the brain of a sensitive youth. And the motive of this passing aberration, which Gissing's intimate friends find wholly alien from his character, throws light on the romantic idealism of his nature. He had become attached, in a romantic way, to a

young girl who was practically leading the life of a prostitute on the streets of the northern town of "Moorhampton," and in endeavoring to "save" her, he had got into monetary difficulties, pawning his dead father's watch in his efforts to raise money to succor her and meet her demands. It is a story that only those who have little insight into the perfervid moods of youth will call "sordid." But "the tragic climax and catastrophe," as his biographer well says, "were in the first act, and the remainder was a long and bitter commentary. His whole life, as I saw it, is but a development of the nature which made his disaster possible." Gissing, in the height of idealistic infatuation, had married the girl, "Marian Hilton," and, on his discharge from prison, some kindly friends had raised a little money, and sent him away to America. The biographer here pauses, reconstructs from some later confidences of Gissing and passages from his novels a skeleton outline of the latter's vicissitudes and starvation in Chicago, and takes up his narrative again when the two college friends meet, after three years, in the Horseshoe Tavern, in the Tottenham Court Road.

All that is narrated in this section of the book redounds both to Gissing's credit and his biographer's. It is a terrible yet familiar chronicle, this of a man, refined and infinitely sensitive, a scholar in love with all things "beautiful and orderly," tied by his own action and choice, and also by dire necessity, to a woman degraded beyond hope, the victim of disease and debauch, who "made vain and violent efforts to reform." "Of this I am very sure—that no man on earth could have made more desperate efforts to help her than he made," writes his friend, the biographer "J. H.," who left England again in 1884, and found Gissing, on his return in 1887, "making, for the first time, something of a living" by teaching and novel-writing. Gissing, it seems, in desperation at his failure to make "literature" pay, had become a tutor, and had got into touch with a number of men "in a circle of literary eminence." It is possible that the one or two survivors of this little circle, which included Meredith and Cotter Morrison, may have something illuminating to say on "J. H.'s" "record"; but the value of these intimate reminiscences of Gissing's characteristics, tastes, ideas, sentiments and circumstances, nobody can deny. It is a story of the unrelaxed struggles of an unworldly man, strong with the resources of intellectual and spiritual strength, yet always taxed beyond his powers by Fate and by his lack of worldly wisdom, in an environment of grinding worries and petty, odious cares. It is an endless web of the drab misfortunes of a talent in exile, whose "futile idealism," as his biographer insists with truth, was at the bottom of, and in conflict with, his real pessimism. We cannot dwell here on the intimate details, perhaps the best in the book, of this tragic Bohemianism of a man who often lived on sixpence a day for food, could scarcely afford one fire, and "knew a hundred choruses of the Greek tragedies by heart, and declaimed them with his hair thrown back and his eyes gleaming. . . ." His horror of combat, his perpetual fear of the workhouse, his unending sense of weariness and toil, relieved by his grim sense of humor and by his feast of literary conversations with "J. H.," we must also pass over, only saying that this period of torture came to an end with the death of his first wife, who "had torn his heart, scorched his very soul, and destroyed him in the beginning of his life." Perhaps the most telling description in the book is that of the miserable visit to Eastbourne paid by Gissing and his biographer in a wintry gale of January, 1898, when the news of Marian Gissing's death suddenly reached them in their dreary lodging. These pages are as admirable in their biting realism as the best in Gissing's novels. But though the unfortunate genius was now released from "the pit of his first marriage," and his circumstances slowly bettered, the enforced solitude and loneliness of his existence continued, due to his "very natural fear that some brute might suddenly and unexpectedly expose his ancient history." That the cause of his second marriage-tragedy, as "J. H." shows, sprang from the fixed roots of his character, in conjunction with his "rigid seclusion from society," is proved by the fact that it was, in essence, but a repetition of his former idealistic miscalculation. He met and spoke to an unknown girl of the artisan class in the Marylebone Road, "a girl who

possessed neither face nor figure, nor a sweet voice, nor any charm" which he might justifiably have asked for in a wife; and, despite all his friend urged against such an unsuitable union, Gissing insisted on marrying her in March, 1891. All who are familiar with Gissing's novels will readily detect his portraits of his second wife, whose violence, shrewish temper, and incapacity in all womanly duties made his life for a lengthy period a new bondage, with incessant drudgery, domestic and literary. The ground is so delicate on which "J. H." here treads, that we will only add that his foot is certainly firm and assured; and if, as he asserts, Gissing gave him "the most definite permission" to write his life, "and tell the whole truth about him," then the truth, distressing as it is, excites in the reader's mind feelings of love and sympathy in renewed measure. The bitter and tragic details of this mockery of a union are relieved, artistically, by the biographer's discussion of Gissing's fundamental weakness of will, which crystallised, so to say, in the form of a reticent and unshakable obstinacy.

Gissing's habits of over-work, his lack of passion and fighting power, are dwelt upon as links of cause and effect in the endless chain of his difficulties. "It was this perpetual wavering and weakness in him which perplexed his friends, and would indeed have alienated at last very many of them, had it not been for the enduring charm in his weakness," says "J. H." Symptoms of this alienation begin, indeed, at this point to creep into his friend's narrative; and the description of Gissing's separation from his second wife, and his unlegalised union with the accomplished young French lady, "Thérèse Espinel," whose womanly compassion and tender charm was to sweeten his last three years, though no doubt as accurate as "J. H." can make it, seems to us deficient in penetrating sympathy. Perhaps this effect is partly due to "J. H.'s" descanting over-much on his own work, circumstances, and literary tastes, and partly to the slightly patronising tone of his comments on Gissing's "wounded and often sickly spirit." Nor is the detailed account of Gissing's seizure by pneumonia in a little Pyrenean town, of "J. H.'s" hurried journey and arrival a day after his death, free from a certain egoism, which is not the less insidious because the writer is evidently unconscious of it. It is with justice that he states in his defensive preface, "There is no book quite like it in the English tongue," but whether this truth is not double-edged, inflicting wounds on the writer's reputation, while vindicating his purpose of drawing fearlessly a living portrait of his friend, we must leave to time to determine.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Life of Sir Howard Vincent." By S. H. JEYES.
Concluded by F. D. How. (Allen. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. JEYES did not live to complete this biography of Sir Howard Vincent, and the concluding chapters, dealing with Vincent's more intimate personal life and characteristics, are the work of Mr. How. Vincent was born in 1849, and, after an education at Westminster and Sandhurst, joined the Welsh Fusiliers, became a correspondent in the Franco-German War, and then, in turn, barrister, journalist, policeman, and Member of Parliament. He once told a friend that every man ought to change his profession every five years, and though he did not precisely follow his own precept, his methods were always slap-dash, and marked by a high degree of self-confidence. Mr. Jeves tells us that when he threw in his lot with Fair Trade, "he can hardly have begun to examine the foundations of the orthodox theory," and on the very day he entered Parliament, he introduced the measure which, twenty years later, took the form of the Public Trustee Act. Vincent took great pains to keep his name before the public, but he never quite gained the ear of the House of Commons, though he was mainly responsible for the Probation of Offenders Act, and one or two other useful measures. The story of how he arranged a private interview between Parnell and Lord Carnarvon is too familiar to repeat, though, as Mr. Jeves comments, it illustrates his fondness for an intrigue of any kind. Of more interest is the account of his administration at Scotland Yard. He has been blamed for the methods of

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men such pleasant people on their former travels. On the other hand, we doubt whether the author is as much at home in describing the waterways of Holland as he is in treating of the life of the open sea. It may be that he made this cruise with another object than that of mere cruising, for he tells us that he wanted to study Dutch shipping, and so missed something of the single-hearted enthusiasm that mere cruising can kindle; or it may be that he thought the public might have had enough of the "Vivette's" battles with wind and sea. At any rate, we miss a certain atmosphere that his former book possessed; that is to say, we miss it, except at the beginning and the end, when the "Vivette" is in the English Channel once more, and the writing brings back the scent of it in sharp, ozone-laden whiffs. The yachtsman, however, will welcome this volume for its valuable information and its warnings anent the yacht accommodation at Calais, Ostend, Flushing, Middleburg, Veere, and elsewhere, charts, sailing directions, and so forth, the whole of which is summarised in an appendix. Like its predecessor, the book is brightly illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches by Mr. Norman Carr, and contains photographs and plans of harbors.

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biography would not be worth the writing. But Mr. Stokes makes full use of this latter circumstance. He knows the period well, and he writes about it in an easy and engaging style.

* * *

"The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann." By I. GIBERNE SIEVEKING. (Kegan Paul. 10s. net.)

As material is lacking for any full account of the intimate and personal side of Mann's life, Mr. Sieveking's biography is mainly concerned with Mann's activities as an agent of the British Government, appointed to observe and report upon the Young Pretender's doings in Italy. Horace Walpole's correspondent became assistant to the British Envoy at Florence in 1737, and a great part of his work was to watch the Stuarts, and to keep the Government acquainted with their doings. Mr. Sieveking is a strong Stuart sympathiser, and though his denunciations of the Georges are extravagant, what he tells us of the ignominy inflicted upon the Young Pretender, the efforts made to prevent his reception in the smaller Italian States, and, in general, the pathos of his life on the Continent, is likely to move most readers to a feeling of pity. The chief value of the book is the account it gives of the Jacobites at Rome and Florence; but though Mr. Sieveking has made use of some unpublished letters written by Mann, neither his knowledge of history nor his powers of style are adequate for the task he has set himself. The style is rambling and confused, and in his account of the Jacobite rising of 1745, he writes that if "Sir Robert Walpole, controller of the Hanoverian affairs, on the one hand, and Lord George Murray, leader of the Stuart army, on the other, had not been in power in England that December," Charles might have marched to London. The fact is that Walpole had died the preceding March, and had not been in power since 1742, when he finally resigned.

* * *

"A History of the British Nation from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By A. D. INNES. (Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

EVEN in these days of cheap books, a new and fully illustrated history of the British nation, running to nearly a thousand pages, and published at three-and-sixpence, is something of a surprise to the ordinary book-buyer. Nor does the quality of the work do anything to explain the lowness of the price. Mr. Innes has already won his spurs as an historian, and the present volume, which aims at being interesting as well as informing, is an excellent example of popular history. The sense of proportion is well maintained; space is found for the social, industrial, and literary aspects of the subject; and though Mr. Innes determined to avoid making his work a class-book, he does not write for the gallery, and he avoids that over-familiar manner into which writers with the same aim as his have sometimes allowed themselves to slip. In some of his later chapters, Mr. Innes occasionally makes statements on doubtful or controversial matters without the necessary qualification. He says, for example, that Lord Milner "set about his task of investigation (into the grievances of the Uitlanders) without haste and without prejudice"; and he writes that "the strain of anxiety (caused by the crisis of the Parliament Act) had broken" the late King's health. Such sentences show bias, but apart from this, the book deserves warm commendation, and is a notable achievement, of which both its author and its publishers have a right to be proud.

* * *

"The Last Legitimate King of France." By PHÉBE ALLEN. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

THAT Naundorf was "the little Capet" who escaped from the Tower, through the aid of Laurent and with the connivance of Barras, and, therefore, the last legitimate King of France, is the thesis of Miss Allen's book; and we must confess that she puts her case in a forcible manner. The controversy as to the fate of the little Dauphin is rather threadbare, and there are few signs of agreement among the various theorists; but Miss Allen has made such good use of the materials collected by M. Foulon de Vaux that she gives a considerable amount of freshness to the discussion. Her conclusion is that two children were at different times substituted for the Dauphin, and that the motive for allowing the evasion is to be found in the ambition of Barras.

The latter view is an assumption which does no violence to history, whatever may be thought of the evidence in support of the actual evasion. The strong point against Naundorf is the attitude of the Dauphine. If the proofs contained in Naundorf's letters were so convincing as Miss Allen believes, it is difficult to explain the Dauphine's indifference. Miss Allen has, however, presented Naundorf's case in the best possible manner, and her book will be of great interest to readers who like to explore historical mysteries.

* * *

"Cardinal de Richelieu." By ELEANOR C. PRICE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

DURING the past couple of years two or three English biographies of Richelieu have been published, and Miss Price's book has no qualities that give it any special distinction. She has studied Richelieu's own letters and other contemporary materials, as well as such modern writers as M. Hanotiaux and the Vicomte d'Avenel, the former of whom has given us the standard life of Richelieu. But Miss Price's bulky volume does not give anything like as clear a picture of the great Cardinal's aims and policy as is to be found in the late Dr. Bridges's little book, "France under Richelieu and Colbert," which we are glad to see has recently been reprinted. Moreover, Miss Price has an irritating trick of sprinkling her sentences with French words and phrases to a quite unnecessary degree. Her book is not below the average level of historical biography, and is, on the whole, a competent piece of book-making.

* * *

"Antiques and Curios in Our Homes." By GRACE M. VALLOIS. (Laurie. 6s. net.)

THIS volume, we understand from the preface, is intended for the possessor of old furniture, china, or silver, rather than for the would-be collector. The author has spread her net wide—so wide that one marvels at the large amount of information on the different subjects that she manages to convey. Into a series of chapters on Jacobean and eighteenth-century furniture she introduces informative dissertations on tea-caddies and old work-boxes. The chapters on old china, pottery, and glass, are a mine of scattered but useful information on nearly everything from Chelsea to Dresden, from so-called Lowestoft ware to Jacobite drinking-glasses. Silver and old Sheffield plate form a third division of her book. The illustrations, most, if not all, of which are of examples in the author's own collection, are excellently reproduced.

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"My Life." By AUGUST BEBEL. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"AUS MEINEM LEBEN," of which this book is a translation, was reviewed by Herr Bernstein in THE NATION of May 28th, 1910. It contains an excellent account of the development of modern German political parties, as seen by a firm and convinced democrat, and is indispensable to students of the history of Socialism on the Continent. The translation is well done, and we are glad that the work is now accessible to English readers. The volume contains a short preface by Herr Bebel, written for this edition, in which he speaks of it as an instalment of his recollections. We hope that its sequel will soon be published, and be promptly followed by a similar English version.

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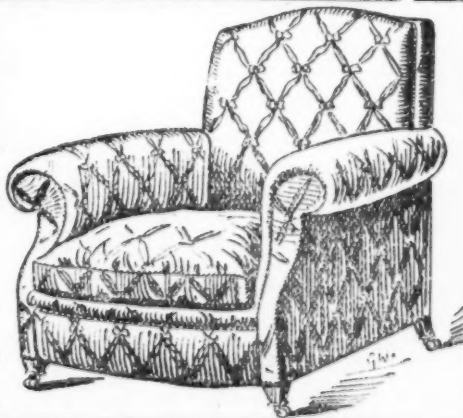
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speech, which pointed to a conciliatory policy towards Austria. Moreover, the telegrams from Vienna show that the Austrian Government is moderate and reasonable, though firmly opposed to Serbia's extreme pretensions over Albania. International Stocks began to creep up, Consols leading the way, and on Thursday a buoyant feeling penetrated all the departments of the Stock Exchange. Consols actually rose above 75, though they were down at 72 a few weeks ago. This is excellent for the banks, which were becoming decidedly nervous at the prospect of another heavy write-down of their securities. It is possible that the public taste will now react in favor of gilt-edged securities, for the shock of the war has given investors in second-class stocks, like Turkish, Peruvians, &c., something of a fright. After all, it is better to sleep over a safe 4 per cent. than to lie awake over a 5½ per cent. The only check on Thursday's enthusiasm was the news that the directors of the Reichsbank have raised the Berlin rate to 6 per cent., which seemed to show that either the news of the armistice was not believed in "Berlin," or that the monetary situation in Germany had become rather serious. Of course, the moratorium—the suspension of all credits and payments in Turkey, Serbia, and Bulgaria, and to some extent also in Greece—must have caused great embarrassment among many merchants and bankers in Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Rumania. Besides, the heavy liquidations and losses on the Bourses of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have still to be recovered or made good. New York, of course, hopes that Europe will now buy back the American railway stocks sold during the panic, and the weakness in the Exchanges points to the possibility of gold exports to the States. Speculation is rife as to whether Mr. Woodrow Wilson will call a special Session to revise the tariff, and Wall Street is afraid that he will do so in order to fulfil Democratic pledges.

COLONIAL GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL STOCKS.

One of the chief reasons for the decline in Trustee Stocks, it is generally admitted, is the great extension of the powers of trustees which has occurred in the past ten or twelve years, thereby depriving Consols, India stocks, and Home Railway debentures of many customers. It was frequently pointed out that, while these had fallen severely, Colonial stocks had hardly declined at all. It was forgotten that the demand for wider trustee powers came from the founders of trusts, who were undoubtedly widening the scope of their trust deeds to include a larger area than the unqualified trust deed. Nevertheless, the admission of Colonial stocks into the list of strict trustee stocks gave them additional prestige, and may for a time have prevented their falling as much as the Consol group. But a more important factor in their steadiness of price was the provision in nearly every instance for repayment at par on a definite date. When money was cheap and Consols were over par, all the 3½ and 4 per cent. Colonial stocks were prevented from rising through this provision, and when Consols fell, it prevented a heavy decline. But the disadvantages of redeemable stocks was so much to the front when they were above par that their attractions at the present time do not receive the attention they deserve. Not only is capital depreciation impossible in the long run, but where the stocks are much below par, the fact that the discount will ultimately be recovered is overlooked. The demoralisation of markets in the war crisis has caused many thoroughly sound stocks to decline, whether they are redeemable or not, and the following table shows the extent of the decline and also the value in terms of the yield of the provision for redemption of some good stocks within and without the legal trustee group:—

	Matur- ing.	Price. Oct. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov.	Income Yield. £ s. d.	True Yield. £ s. d.
New S. Wales 4% Debs.	1915	100	100	100	4 0 0	4 0 0
Do. 3½% Insc. (1885) (a)	1924	95	94	94	3 14 6	4 3 0
Do. 3% Insc. (a) ...	1935	84½	84	84	3 11 6	4 2 6
N. Zealand 3½% Insc. (a)	1940	93	92	92	3 16 0	4 1 0
Do. 3% Insc. (a)	1945	82	81	80	3 15 0	4 1 6
Queensland 3½% Insc. (a)	1945	94	91	91	3 17 0	4 1 3
Victoria 3½% Insc. (a)	1949	94½	90	91	3 17 0	4 0 6
Manitoba 4% Reg. Stk.	1950	99½	97½	97½	4 2 0	4 2 9
Quebec (Prov.) 3% Insc.	1937	83	83	82	3 13 3	4 3 3
Natal 3½% Insc. (a) ...	1939	97	97	95½	3 13 9	3 16 6
Do. 3% Insc. (a) ...	1949	83	83	83	3 12 3	4 1 0
Montreal 4% Reg. Deb.	1932	101	99	99	4 1 0	4 1 6
Do. 3½% Reg. Deb.	1942	90	88	88	3 19 6	4 4 3

	Matur- ing.	Price. Oct. 1.	Nov. 1.	Nov.	Income Yield. £ s. d.	True Yield. £ s. d.
Pietermaritzburg	4% Con.	1953	96	96	96	4 3 3
Toronto 3½% Debs.	1929	91	90	90	3 17 9	4 7 3
Sydney 4% Loan (new)	1922	—	—	98	4 1 8	4 5 0

The stocks marked (a) are eligible for all trusts in the United Kingdom, unless the deed expressly provides otherwise. The column "Income yield" shows the return to the investor from dividends alone, but the true yield, which takes into account the appreciation which must occur by the time the stocks fall due, is shown in the second column. Some of the securities are obviously undervalued, and this is only a representative list—there are plenty like them. Toronto and Montreal 3½ per cent. Debentures are splendid investments, but they are not trustee stocks. New South Wales 3½ per cent. Stock, maturing in 1924, is the best of the trustee stocks in the above list. All the Colonial stocks have been marked down in the market, as the result of the new Queensland and New South Wales 4 per cent. issues. Those issues, however, were made at 99, and run for short terms, the borrowers hoping to be able to place cheaper loans from their point of view later on. The new Sydney loan was a good investment, giving a return of 4½ per cent. from dividends, with an actual return on the money of £4 7s. 6d. Its price has risen to 98, and it is no longer so cheap; but there are many similar investments for those desiring a good return on first-class security, with provision against capital depreciation. Of course, the price cannot rise much above par during the term, and the loan has already gone to a premium.

INDIA'S PURCHASES OF SILVER.

A great deal of fuss has been made lately in Parliament and the press about the financial policy of the Government of India; and an especially ferocious attack has been made upon the authorities for purchasing a quantity of silver from Messrs. Samuel Montagu, not because they are a small firm or a bad firm, but because one of the active partners is a Member of Parliament. I hear, on good authority, that the facts are as follows: The Government has usually bought silver in the open market; but in the last year or two, whenever they attempted this, they found the price raised against them by a big speculative syndicate in Bombay. In self-defence, therefore, against this corner, they found it necessary to buy secretly in various parts of the world; and to purchase in London on good terms they were practically forced to employ Messrs. Montagu, because they were the only large silver house which had no dealings with the promoters of the Indian silver corner. I have received this account from three separate and independent sources, and I am convinced, from my own personal knowledge, that under the advice of Sir James Mackay (now Lord Inchcape) and Sir Felix Schuster, the currency policy of the Indian Government has been conducted with exemplary skill and success. It is essential, of course, to the Indian Currency Scheme that silver should be purchased when needed for the Indian mints, and that an adequate gold reserve should be maintained in London.

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Unfortunately, there is nothing extravagant in this picture of human agony.

Read Ashmead-Bartlett's realistic cable from the Front to the "Daily Telegraph":—

"Constanza, November 3rd, 1912.

"The plight of the wounded is awful. So inadequate is the Turkish medical service that the men can hardly secure first aid. There are no mounted ambulances, and hardly any stretchers.

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